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When: Saturday, April 24 at 3 pm

Where: SUB on the U of A campus in the Alumni Room (main floor SUB)

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Soft, loud, soft, loud. It seems like such a simple recipe for exciting music, but it was the Pixies who perfected it... and then broke up just in time to watch dozens of other bands rip off their formula and ride it into the financial stratosphere. Now that the Pixies have made one of the most improbable reunions in rock history, Vue's Dave Johnston assesses their legacy • 20



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## The Martin chronicles

Waiting for Martin "star" David Bernans on his quest for an audience with the PM



anadians following the current sponsorship scandal who are sur-prised to learn that dirty politics exists in Canada would do well to check out Magnus Isacsson and Sophia Southam's new documentary, Waiting for Martin.

"When you watch the film, you

kind of get this idea that I'm obsessed with Paul Martin," says political



activist David Bernans, the "star" of the film, over the phone as he puts his son to bed. "But that's not true I'm not obsessed with Paul Martin. He's just a convenient symbol."

Strongly influenced by cheeky left-wing documentaries like Michael Rubbo's Waiting for Fidel and Michael

SEE PAGE 7







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## Frankenfoods unbound

Biofreedom group warns Edmonton of dangers of genetically modified food

#### BY CHRIS BOUTET

The world of genetically modified organisms is a difficult one to explore. Sure, most of us know that GMOs exist, but this is usually where our general knowledge ends and the questions begin. While making canola seed resistant to pesti-

cides purportedly produces higher yields, what could it be doing to the environment? While

environment? While tampering with strawberry genes may be beneficial for the food's shelf life, what could it be doing to our bodies? According to people like Trevor King of the Edmonton-based GMO awareness group Biofreedom, the thought that these products have been released out of the lab before these questions could be answered is a frightening one indeed.

"To me, it's shocking that these things have been released out of the lab and into the ecosystem without enough research," says King, whose group will be screening the documentary Deconstructing Supper next Thursday at Metro Cinema in an effort to bring these issues into the public eye. "I mean, DNA is a very, very complex thing, and for someone to bash a couple of genes together because a fish gene would work well in a strawberry to keep it from freezing-it's a good idea if it works and if the long-term ramifications are understood. But just the fact that strawberry doesn't freeze doesn't mean that all the effects are understood."

**BIOFREEDOM IS** A volunteer-based organization that believes that genetically engineered (GE) crops and

products have been introduced into Canadian markets without adequate testing. The group feels that this may be putting the health of all Canadians at risk and could put our country's farmers in a sticky financial situation should foreign markets continue to refuse the importation of GE products. As such, Biofreedom is calling on the government of Canada to implement a moratorium on all GE crops until such time as sufficient long-term scientific tests have proven without doubt that GMOs are safe. The group is also seeking a mandatory labeling system for any products that contain GE crops.

According to King, the problem

with GMOs is not that there is an absence of research being conducted

on their potential effects; rather, it's that the only research being accepted is that which is done by the biotech companies themselves, while outside studies are summarily discarded.

"The one thing that disturbs me more than anything," says King, "is that almost all of the science is done by the industry itself. Whenever Health Canada or the Food and Drug Administration approves something, it's based on this research, and they just accept it at face value without really knowing from independent research what negative effects it could have."

An even larger problem, King adds, is that all too often, scientists who do decide to publish independent studies on biotechnology quickly find themselves in the unemployment line. King points to the cases of Jane Akre of Fox News and Árpád Pusztai, formerly of the Rowett Institute in the U.K. as examples of this. In 1997, Akre and her husband began researching the effects of rBGH, a genetically altered growth hormone produced by Monsanto that was intended to induce higher milk production in cows. But once they compiled their data into a story for Fox News, they were fired for their troubles.

Same thing with Pusztai, King continues. In 1998 he conducted a study on the effects of genetically engineered potatoes on lab rats; over time, the rats were developing inflamed organs, brain issues, inflamed testicles-so he decided to publish his results and come forward. But when he did, he got booted from the institute.... All of a sudden he was a nutjob, whereas one week before he was a celebrated scientist."

ACCORDING TO KING, all the vagueness and secrecy that surrounds the issue of GMOs is actually beneficial to the biotechnology industry. King feels that the fact that companies like Monsanto refuse to show up to public debates regarding their products and adamantly

oppose any sort of labeling on food products indicates a belief that the less people know about the specifics of genetic engineering, the better. The issue of labeling (or lack thereof) is one that particularly frustrates King.

"The things that the Canadian public should be most outraged about," he says, "is the fact that genetically engineered crops and GMOs have already been released, and there currently exists no mandatory labeling laws to ensure that the consumers knows what they're buying. I mean, if they're so proud of this and so confident that it's not a bad thing, then why won't they stand up for it?

"Then you have stores here like Superstore, which is owned by Loblaws," he continues. "They sent out letters to suppliers of organic products that had 'GE free' or 'GMO free' labeling on the packaging, saying that they had to take this claim off their product or the store would pull their products off the shelves or start markering the claim out. I

on food think it should be the other way around, obviously, and consumers

think it should be the other way around, obviously, and consumers should be applying pressure so that they start to meet our wishes. Because I know I would really prefer to make that choice rather than have someone else make it for me."

But in order to facilitate this kind of change, the general public needs to inform itself as to the issues of genetically engineered foods, and King feels that attending the screening of Deconstructing Supper is as good a start as any. "The thing I like about it is that it's not done through a scientist's eyes, it's done through the eyes of a chef, and the film lets the audience make up their own mind about the information it presents," he says. "But I hope that people who see this movie are really afraid, and I hope that people get active about it," he says. "Everybody eats; this affects all of us." •

Deconstructing Supper screens Thursday, April 22 at 6:30 p.m. at Metro Cinema (Zeidler Hall, The Citadel).

#### Supper rush

In the first few minutes of the anti-GMO documentary Deconstructing Supper, a waiter (who is almost certainly not moonlighting to support an acting career) approaches chef and Vancouver restaurateur John Bishop in his restaurant's kitchen and says that some customers are asking if he uses any genetically modified foods in his meals. Bishop sheepishly admits in the voiceover he doesn't even know what GMOs are, and, showing an unusual amount of curiosity, conviction and spare time, he embarks on a journey that takes him from Canada to Great Britain and India, all to find out the truth about the elusive GMO. Whether or not Bishop was successful in his quest is largely debatable, and the film itself has a few faults, but at the very least, Deconstructing Supper is a serviceable introduction into the motives and the need for the biochemical engineering of foods.

Along his way, Bishop meets with organic vegetable farmers, anti-GMO activists, and a few gene technology pundits in an effort to get the dirt on genetically modified foods. Soon, he discovers the overwhelming opposition to the technology among farmers in Canada, England and India, all of whom feel that GE wheat, canola and corn seeds are a needless technologization (that's a word, right?) of a process that farmers have been doing themselves for years by saving seeds and crossbreeding certain plants to display certain traits.

Most of the farmers Bishop talks to (among them Percy Schmeiser, the Saskatchewan farmer currently embroiled in a legal battle against Monsanto, a GE company whose engineered canola seed wound up in Schmeiser's organic fields without the farmer's knowledge) feel that genetically modifying seeds has no real benefit compared to traditional plant breeding, save that it allows companies like Monsanto to own and control the seed market. In India, Bishop meets with eco-activist Vanada Shiva, who explains that GE seeds are touted for their higher yields, but come at the expense of loss of field biodiversity and soil depletion. These arguments are clear and convincing, and will prove to be the heart of the film for the casual moviegoer. But that said, the film sports a few flaws that tend to detract from its achievements.

For one, being a chef, the criteria with which Bishop chooses to evaluate organic versus GE foods is, well, how they taste when cooked. This isn't necessarily a bad idea in itself, but it's clear that the test material in this evaluation is a little weighted in favour of organics. For the organic meals, Bishop uses only fresh vegetables straight from the garden, creating delicious-looking culinary delights that would make anyone's mouth water. But when he makes a meal with GE foods, what does he pick to represent the other side? A bag of crappy potatoes from a supermarket and a can of generic cream of chicken soup that apparently has GE corn starch in it. I'm sure that even the best chef in the world would have difficulty in making a fine meal out of Western Family soup, and unsurprisingly, Bishop is not impressed with the results. Perhaps the use of some equally fresh examples would have made his point a little easier to swallow.

Still, despite this bias and a general propensity on behalf of the director to assume the audience knows more about the subject matter than they likely would, Deconstructing Supper is ultimately an approachable and useful primer on the world of GMOs. Could it have used a little more depth? Oh, probably. But come on, people: that's what books are for Chers BOUTET.



vue news

#### ANIMALS

#### Movin' and Howard

EDMONTON—After nearly a year of being subject to campaigns and petitions by animal rights groups all over North America, it looks like West Edmonton Mall may finally be freeing Howard the Dolphin from the mall's indoor aquarium.

Howard is the last remaining of a group of four dolphins-Howard, Gary, Mavis and Maria-that were captured and brought to the mall from Florida in 1985. After years of frolicking and cavorting for the mild amusement of mall spectators, Maria died in 2000, followed by Gary in 2001. Once Howard's mate Mavis died last July, Canadian activist groups such as Zoocheck Canada began a comprehensive campaign which included the distribution of all those Free Howard signs you see everywhere (and no, despite what you find when you type "free Howard" into Google, they have nothing to do with that idiot Howard Stern finally being dropped like a sack of dead raccoons by Clear Channel) to ensure that Howard would not meet the same fate

Apparently, the campaign has worked as, according to reports from the CBC, Howard may be headed for the bluer pastures of Florida. WEM has confirmed that Florida Keys marine park Theater of the Sea has applied for a permit to move the decidedly-not-ashock-radio-host Howard. The mall has promised to move the dolphin as soon as he is healthy enough to do so. "Is he better there than in Canada, in a shopping mall? Yes, probably," Ric O'Barry, who used to train dolphins and works to keep them out of captivity, said in an interview with CBC. "It's the best of a bad idea. He's in natural sea water, sunshine, and he's with other dolphins. In a perfect world, he would go back to the Pine Island, Florida area where he was captured and be reunited with his family and swim off into the sunset, but we don't live in a perfect world."

Don't we all dream of a world in which dolphins swim around in the same place for 19 years? I know I do, except my perfect world is also one in which Howard Stern is covered in fire ants, tied to the nose of a rocket and launched into the sun.—CHRIS BOUTET

#### PROVINCIAL AFFAIRS

#### Rural Albertans want healthcare, not big government: poll

EDMONTON—The federal government has just released a study on the priorities of rural Albertans—and surprise, surprise, it found that access to quality healthcare is important to Wild Rose province residents living outside of Edmonton and Calgary, but that big



government is not a large priority.

In a study released last week by the Canadian Rural Partnership, a government agency created to investigate and define the priorities of the agricultural sector, more than 400 rural Albertans were asked to rank 13 previously determined priorities, from quality healthcare to access to technology to government programs. It found that 82 per cent ranked "accessible quality healthcare" as a five out of five on the priority scale, while another 13 per cent ranked it four out of five. Strong community leadership was the secondhighest priority, with a five-star ranking from 74 per cent of the people polled and a four-star rating from another 21 per cent of the study group.

Finishing well down the list was access to technology and high-tech training-access to high-speed Internet only garnered high importance from 42 per cent of respondents. In fact, only 52 per cent of those polled even had Internet-capable computers in their homes. "Most of the 48 per cent respondents without Internet access at home indicated that their main reason for not having this service was not having a computer (27 per cent)," stated the study. "About 20 per cent of respondents reported that the service was not affordable, that they chose not to have access or that they did not know how to use this technology."

On the other end of the spectrum, "access to government programs" was rated as the second-least important issue to respondents. Only half of the people surveyed believed that government help was important, further confirming rural Alberta as the big-C conservative capital of the country. The study also found that respondents felt that it was more important for government to promote rural Alberta and its products rather than spend money on bringing high-tech training or try to promote new business ideas in the area. Basically, the mood of the study is that

the rural way of life doesn't need to be updated—what it needs is a better marketing strategy.

Why such disdain for opening new markets? The study suggests that funding is not easy to come by in rural Alberta. Of the rural residents surveyed who had actually begun new businesses, the study found that 85 per cent got their funding through personal investment. Less than two-thirds used bank funds, while only one in five claimed to use government grants or funding plans. So, government is in a Catch-22 situation. Rural Alberta does not want to diversify, mainly because of a lack of government funding. But the poll shows that these people really aren't that comfortable with the idea of government funding in the first place. Rural Alberta is a place that can't diversify because the population refuses to divorce itself from the aidless, subsidy-less free market.

Why is this study so important? Because rural Alberta has such a disproportionately large percentage of the seats in the provincial legislature, the study illustrates the core values that will be the focus of debate in the next election campaign. But to be fair, it needs to be mentioned that while the study was released just last week, the actual poll was conducted in 2002. That means many of the farmers surveyed were answering questions about government aid before the zenith of the drought crisis or the discovery of Mad Cow Disease in Alberta. The feds and the province have launched several aid programs in the wake of those disasters, so the numbers from a 2002 study need to be taken with a very large grain of salt. -- STEVEN SANDOR

#### MILITARY

#### Sea King havoc

OTTAWA—Ah, the proud, proud Sea King, the ancient Canadian military helicopter that is so outdated and dangerous that pilots have to be trained how to fly on one engine and how to not die when the copter inevitably loses power and crashes into the sea. There once was a time when we all feared we would be losing these nostalgic-throwbacks to 1963 within the next four years. But fear not: according to documents recently obtained by CBC, it looks like the Sea Kings may be forced to remain in service until 2012.

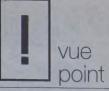
Despite Defence Minister David Pratt's recent assurances to New Democratic MP Alexa McDonough that the sorely strained helicopters will be relieved of duty by 2008, CBC is reporting that papers gathered under the Access to Information Act indicate the that the military is considering keeping the Sea Kings flying (and crashing) until one year short of the choppers' 50th birthday.

"You have to look at the number of years it takes to get full delivery of all aircraft," said Col. François Pion, who oversees the Sea King life extension project, in an interview with CBC. "And then on top of that, you have to look at how long it's going to take to train your personnel, be it maintenance personnel or aircrew, and how long it's going to take them to actually come up to speed and become operational on the new aircraft."

All these factors mean a few more years of extra service for the Sea King, which will further require millions of dollars in upgrades just to maintain their current slightly-less-deadly-thantrying-to-fly-a-car-by-driving-it-really-fast-off-a-building status.

According to the CBC, the Liberals cancelled an earlier order to replace the aircraft in 1993, back when the Sea King was but a spry young pup of 30, but a contract for a new machine is expected to be appropried later this month.

After its retirement, reports allege, the Sea King plans to buy a house in Crowsnest Pass and spend the day yelling at kids to stay off his lawn. — CHARS BOUTET



#### BY CHRIS BOUTET

#### Vue is chosen

Five and a half years after everyone's favourite migrant from the Maritimes swept through the pages of this publication like a brisk nor'easter made of integrity and wit, Dan Rubinstein has left Vue to become the associate editor of Alberta Views. And, incredibly, I somehow ended up taking his place as news editor.

Although Dan would like you to think that his leaving was by choice, I feel obliged to tell you all the truth: like every other current editor here at Vize, I won my position by besting my predecessor in a Kirk-versus-Spock-style gladiator match, complete with tridents, nets and torn spandex uniforms. Dan's understandably a little embarassed about it, so you probably shouldn't mention it to him the next time you run into him. He'll just deny it. But we both know what really happened.

Mr. Rubinstein never ceased to amaze me with his creativity and dedication to this job, and the thought that I now have to fill his presumably-size-eight shoes is one that is simultaneously exhilarating and nerve-wracking. But hey—I'll try my best, because I believe too strongly in the tenets and mandate of this here paper to do any less.

Of course, it wasn't always this way for me. Two summers ago, when I erroneously thought I was done for good at the U of A's student newspaper, the Gateway, I decided that it was high time I started writing for a weekly. Back then, I didn't really see any difference between See and Vue. So I made up two portfolios and went to Vue first, because it was closest to my apartment at the time. It was a decision I've never regretted.

lust as Dan wrote in this space last week, after meeting Vue publisher Ron Garth, who explained to me the importance of this publication's independence and its struggles against the corporate-owned other guys, I began to understand just what this publication stands for. I truly feel that Vue's news section is a prime example of the freedom and possibility the alternative press holds. This is a forum for the unfettered expression of ideas, a place where you can find all the news you can't get anywhere else in the truly independent media, and I look forward to playing a larger role in it.

So yeah. My e-mail and phone number are in the masthead on page four. If you've got a story to tell or you think we're missing something, drop me a line. Together, we can ensure that *Vue* will continue to be what it has always been: a bastion of independent, alternative media that's really close to my old apartment. 8





### Haiku Horoscope

#### ARIES

(Mar 21-Apr 19)

Hey, things could be worse
The horse that trampled on you
Could have been ugly



#### TAURUS

(April 20-May 20) Those lucky cats will Bring you fortune at the cost Of your home's decor



#### SCORPIO

(Oct. 23-Nov. 21)
That corset will make
People notice your figure
As you choke to death



#### SEMINI

(May 21-june 20) You will become a Hero to castrated men Everywhere this week



#### SAGITTARIUS

(Nov. 22-Dec. 21)
You've tried Tantric sex
Now try ice cream with pickle:
Hold on for the ride



#### CANCER

(June 21-July 22) Invest in JECO That's Jon's Evil Criminal Organization



#### CAPRICORN (Dec. 22-Jan. 19)

(Dec. 22-Jan. 19) Marilyn Manson Has come up with another New way to hate you



#### LEO

(July 23-Aug. 22) Some stocks fall, but at JECO our stocks just cannot Get any lower



#### AQUARIUS

(Jan. 20-Feb. 18)
Don't let the "Man" stop
You from doing what you love:
Obeying the rules



#### VIRGO

(Aug. 23-Sept. 22) Sometimes you have to Fight dirty, and other times It is just more fun



#### PISCE!

(Feb. 19-March 20) It's too late to do Anything, but it's never Too late to complain



by Jonathan Ball, Registered Fraud, www.jonathanball.com

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#### Waiting for Martin

Continued from page 2

Moore's Roger and Me, independent filmmaker Magnus Isacsson (Emperor's New Clothes, View from the Summit') and animator Sophia Southam follow Bernans on his mission to personally question Paul Martin's political accountability and track record as a CEO. For three years Bernans has attempted to meet Martin, attending press conferences, running against him as a NDP candidate in Martin's riding and using a little good of' shit-disturbing activism to attract attention to his mission.

"In the beginning," Bernans explains, "Isacsson was planning on doing a film about Paul Martin coming to Concordia University in the fall of 2000 for a public accountability session. But he cancelled, so the idea for

in Canada by 2000, but instead sat idly by as child poverty rose and the gap between the rich and the poor widened. "These are direct results of his policies," Bernans says, "and if you follow these policies—cutting taxes for the rich and cutting programs that help the poor—you have a growing gap. It's not rocket science. This is Paul Martin."

ULTIMATELY, Bernans (who currently works as a writer for the Canadian Centre for Policy Alternatives and rabble.ca) doesn't actually get to meet Martin and modestly calls his efforts 'only a drop in the bucket." However, he's amazed by the strong public reaction to Waiting for Martin. "The film," he says, "is providing inspiration and motivation for people to get involved that can affect the outcome of the election itself, but it's not like a mass propaganda tour." Funding has come

### "These are direct results of his policies," Bernans says. "It's not rocket science. This is Paul Martin."

the film was gone. At that point, the election had been called and the NDP had been talking to me about running in Martin's riding because I was involved in organizing a protest against giving Martin an honourary degree when I was teaching at Concordia." Bernans, armed with a Ph.D. in political science, decided to approach the problem grassroots-style, staging skits, interacting with Martin supporters and attending media scrums. But his anties had a serious goal in mind.

"To me," Bernans says, "the whole idea of following Paul Martin around is a means to an end of bringing up the cause of corporate influence on government and how powerful the corporate lobby is. (Bernans cites the Business Council on National Issues—now the Canadian Council of CEOs—as a prime example of this phenomenon.) "Whatever party is in power, there are a lot of structural pressures upon them to continue to do what Paul Martin has been doing."

Bernans points out how Martin, when he was finance minister, promised to eliminate child poverty

from unions and public arts grants; a Montreal company, Cinema Libre, is working on the distribution; and a five-minute trailer for the film ran on CBC's Zed last week. Bernans also hopes to do another tour, once Martin stops delaying and calls an election.

Which begs the question: what does Bernans think will happen when Canadians finally go to the polls? "My sense," he says, "is that there is quite a possibility for a minority government. There have been a few minority governments in Canadian history and they've quite often been a way to get through some progressive legislation such as the NDP and Liberal minority government of the early '70s under Trudeau. That, to me, would be an interesting possibility."

And with current Ipsos-Reid polls putting public Liberal support at only 35 per cent, it could turn out to be more than just a possibility. ®

#### WAITING FOR MARTIN

Directed by Magnus Isacsson and Sophia Southam • Featuring David Bernans • Zeidler Hall, The Citadel • Fri-Sat, Apr 16-17 (7pm) • Metro Cinema • 425-9212

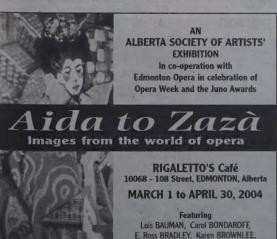
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#### BY RICHARD BURNETT

#### The dealmaker

I cancelled my subscription to the world's first all-gay television network, Canada's very own PrideVision, in a fit of exasperation. I was spending eight hard-earned bucks a month for a bunch of lousy reruns and midnight porn interrupted by commercial breaks at the most inopportune moments. You could hear the groans in living rooms right across the Great White North and. honey, they weren't groans of pleasure.

So I trashed PrideVision in this column and pissed off a few folks at the network. PrideVision said they had 22,000 subscribers. When I quit, I wrote, "That's 21,999 and counting."

Recently, bestselling Canadian author Irshad Manji (who headed CHUM's failed competing bid for a CRTC license) told me, "I wish them well but I don't subscribe to that channel [either]. They can call it PrideVision but I don't know where the vision is."

line Media Group, which owns PrideVision, laid off most staffers and put the sad-sack station, which has lost \$16 million since its inception in 2001, up for sale.

Fortunately, Canadian white knight Bill Craig arrived in the nick of time. Last December he offered to buy the network for \$2.6 million, which includes the station's \$1.1 million debt-load. The CRTC will likely approve the sale by this June

So I tracked Bill Craig down in Bermuda (where he is building a wireless cable system) to get his thoughts on queer TV. After all, .

Craig is a gay manthough he was a married father of two sons until he divorced his supportive wife a decade ago.

Not surprisingly, when Craig offered to buy Pride-

Vision, his sexual orientation and thoughts about gay life escaped the notice of Canada's mainstream pressuntil now. "This has been a real lesson for me," says Craig, who knows a thing or two about the TV biz after holding programming positions at the CBC, TV Ontario and Rogers Cable, as well as serving as a CRTC senior policy analyst in the 1970s before creating four regional sports networks in the USA and founding the now-defunct iCravetv.com. The man knows TV, but folks still think he's nuts for buying PrideVision.

"I have tried to get investors to come on board, including out gay people," Craig explains. "Oscar Wilde's phrase The love that dare not speak its name' is very profound because [the gay commuyou telling me that?' It's not that it's bad-it's just the love that's not allowed to speak for itself. So people in the gay community who have money spend a lot of their capital convincing 90 per cent of the population that they understand the straight market and straight world. So a truce is drawn. This is like the Barry Dillers and David Geffens of the world. They spend their whole day fighting that

"PrideVision had advertiser support and viewer support. The missing ingredient was distribution. In my mind the channel was corporately gaybashed."

> or being embarrassed they are gay. So if they spend their money on PrideVision, it's viewed as their losing touch with 90 per cent of the population."

It's just as bad for straight folks. "[Headline Media owner] John Levy says several people looked at buying the channel," Craig says. "But if it's a straight liberal person, they can't stand the pressure at cocktail parties. [Levy was always asked] 'Why did you choose to buy that channel? There are 400 other good channels!"

Craig believes the key to PrideVision's future success, in addition to fresh original programming, is distribution. "During the free preview period, Pride-Vision was in the top one or two in all demographics," he says. "It had advertiser support and viewer support. The

missing ingredient was distribution. In my mind the channel was corporately gaybashed. The way to kill a channel is to put it in subscription mode. The only [subscription channels] that

work are movie-based. I mean, if you were to charge for Home & Garden you'd be lucky to get 500 subscribers."

Though U.S. giant Viacom fasttracked the creation of an American gay network last month, Craig (who also has American citizenship) says, "It'll be tough sledding down there. This Janet [Jackson]-Gate is just the tip of the iceberg. In the United States they said, 'Why did she

show one breast?' In Canada we went, 'Why didn't she show both of them?'

That faith in the Canadian way has Craig looking forward to running PrideVision. "I'm told [my CRTC] chances are very good but I'm still touching wood as I speak," Craig says. "I'm wrapping up my affairs here in Bermuda, then [my partner and I] go sailing in Guadeloupe and then I'll come back to Toronto to manage PrideVision full-time."

Perhaps then I'll renew my subscription.

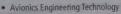




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(e-mail: b.coon@coasthotels.com)

#### Downey Competition for Strings, Woodwind & Brass

Sponsored by the Lee Fund for the Arts to acknowledge the contribution of Lorraine Downey, this annual competition features some of the brightest competitors of the Festival in the categories of strings, woodwind & brass competing for three scholarships of \$1500, \$500 & \$300.

Competition Information:

Location:

Sunday May 2, 2004 Date:

Muttart Hall, Alberta College Campus -

Grant MacEwan College 1:00 PM - 4:00 PM

Tickets are \$5 available at the door

For more information contact the Kiwanis Music Festival Office at 488-3498 or Barry Coon, Festival Chairman at 423-7534

### CBC Radio-Canada Trans Aberts College Concervisory of Mass A Penderia Aceta Comonton Examiner

## A multitude of Sims

Assessing the 300-issue, 6,000-page legacy of Dave Sim's Cerebus

BY STEPHEN NOTLEY.

ell, Cerebus is done. What's Cerebus? It's a comic book named after its main character, a three-foot-tall, sword-wielding aardvark who has now finally battled and schemed and humped and killed and ascended and loved and lost and got old and found God and dis-

solved into a doddering wreck to the last panel of the 6,000-page 300-

issue comic book that makes up his life and 27 years of the life of its creator, longtime Kitchener, Ontario resident Dave Sim.

Holy crap, this is one big comic. The biggest, really—the longest single continuous work by a single creative team in the history of the medium and probably one of the longest books ever written. And it's been a hell of a ride. Cerebus began as a short, smart, mouthy funny animal comic, a well-drawn and funny parody of Conan, all about the gags. But, driven by Sim's ferocious impulse for innovation, Cerebus swiftly took on a life of its own. Sim is a parodist at heart, and his unique talent is to catch a cartoon

his readers. In issue 26, barbarian Cerebus shows up at a hotel and suddenly gets drawn into the world of politics. For fans of swords 'n' sorcery parody comics, this was ridiculous. When was Sim gonna quit all this suits-and-dialogue stuff and get Cerebus back to being a barbarian?

But Sim had other ideas, Cerebus became the prime minister. Then he

became the pope. And then Sim devoted a whole book to the story of Jaka, the dancer that Cerebus loved. Then he looked at the death of Oscar Wilde. And then the second huge story arc, "Mothers and Daughters," the monumental wrapping-up of all the mythological plot threads, the meeting with God (that is to say, Dave Sim) and of course the infamous "Female Void and Male Light" prose sequence in "Reads" that established Sim's new reputation, deserved or otherwise, as a hateful misogynist.

And then, having finished the "plot" of Cerebus, Sim kept on going. He retreated to a bar and charted men's behaviour in "Guys." He start-

#### Then, at some point -it's different for every Cerebus reader-Dave Sim lost his mind.

version of someone (be it Groucho Marx or George Washington or Mick Jagger or Maggie Thatcher or, in the form of the Roach, a unending series of transforming riffs on the superhero du jour, with Roach versions of Batman, Captain America, Moon Knight, Spider-Man, normalman, Punisher, Sandman, Ghost Rider, Cable and dozens of others), sink them into the Cerebus world and see what they do. They take on their own identities, personalities, agendas; they blossom as characters in their own right. Soon it became clear that the Cerebus universe was alive with interconnections and secrets and astonishing possibilities.

Sim wasn't afraid to challenge

ed mixing gender relations with religious convictions in "Rick's Story." And then he took Cerebus on three book-length elaborate style parodies, doing F. Scott Fitzgerald in "Going Home," slamming Ernest Hemingway and then Ernest Hemingway's wife in "Form and Void" and then combining the Three Stooges, Woody Allen and the Bible into one demented three-pack in "Latter Days."

IT'S A BIG BOOK, filled with some of the most stunning and innovative comics ever done. Anchored by his short, mouthy asshole protagonist, Sim experimented, pushed the boundaries, pushed and pulled and hammered the comics medium until it squeaked. One issue wound







Haiku Horoscope: Your destiny is foretold Or maybe it ain't...



through 20 pages which, if separated and assembled, formed a huge picture of Cerebus. Another involved slowly rotating panels, forcing you to turn the comic a full 360 degrees as you read it. Way back in the '80s Cerebus boasted "cinematic" techniques, tracking and zooming over sequential panels or breaking a large panel into slices in order to convey a motion or transition. In issue #65 Sim turned over the task of drawing backgrounds to fellow Kitchenerite Gerhard, who proceeded to pump out some of the most extraordinarily detailed and beautiful pen-and-ink illustrations ever.

Then, at some point—it's different for every Cerebus reader—Dave Sim lost his mind. For some readers, it was when the comic spent four pages on Cerebus taking a leak. For others it was when Cerebus, in his office of pope, raped his longtime ally/enemy Astoria, a comics echo of Sim's first wife. For lots of others it

was when Sim inserted himself into the comic and took pages of text to explain that women are bloodsucking leeches who drain the life and creativity from men. For still others it was when Sim found God and turned the comic into pages and pages of close-typed, line-by-line dissections of Genesis. It was like Sim was daring his readers to quit, a dare more and more readers happily chose to accept.

But Sim and Gerhard kept plugging away and now, in issue #300, Cerebus is dead. His life is done and it was an extraordinary life of laughs and gags and rampant assholery and desperate battles and unearthed truths and crazy, doddering sidetracks and ridiculously offensive opinions. His life was a story and, like all stories, it was true. Controversial, offensive, brilliant, and now complete, Cerebus the Aurdvark stands as one of the most important comics ever written. Plus it has lots of hot chicks in it. •







## Mercury astronaut

Poet Daniel Nester takes a bizarre. deeply personal cruise through Queen's discography

BY WHITEY HOUSTON

Tho hasn't windmilled around their living room at least once in their life screaming WEEEEE ARE THE CHAMPIONS, WEEEEEEEEE ARE THE CHAMPI-ONS" in a wild-eyed, manic frenzy, all the while pointing mockingly at a friend you've just crucified for the third straight time at Stratego? And who can't shamefacedly admit that they've mashed out air power chords on an air flying V guitar while rocking out to the uptempo section of "Bohemian Rhapsody"? I mean, whether you are/were an impressionable AM radio casualty or a budding audiophile überfan/Mensa poet laureate, everybody knows the music of Queen to some degree. It is

inescapable, it permeates all living tissue, it exists in multiple dimensions and it transcends time itself.

Or perhaps you think it is bunk!

Either way, I was the former (the AM radio casualty) while author Daniel Nester is quite obviously the latter (the Mensa poet laureate). Nester's obtuse Queen tribute God Save My Queen, upon first read, seems more like a bizarre, selfaggrandizing pat on the back than a salute to the band-an infuriating non-read if you're expecting a breezy tell-all or a glorified coffee-table fanzine. Upon closer examination, however, it becomes clear that Nester's book is a complex puzzle and once a few of the pieces are in place, the larger picture reveals itself.

To glean any insight from God Save My Queen, you simply can't be a passive reader. DAMN IT! This is challenging shit, so put down that smoothie and pay attention. All of the casual flippers who pawed through my copy of the book had the same "What the fuck is this supposed to be?" reaction. At first I shrugged in agreement, but now I smugly nod. You may not find out why Mercury grew that outrageous Muppet mustache, but you will be enlightened nonetheless. Nester has laid open a cryptic diary and allowed us to peep voyeuristically at



his candid coming-of-age revela tions. It's a baffling mix of pontification, trivia and lyrical analysis, all superimposed upon an exhaustive, song-by-song chronology of Queen releases. Nester has drunkenly ridden roughshod over all expectations and you are the duct-taped hostage in his trunk.

THE SECRET to God Save My Queen is that Nester invites the reader to join in his own personal experience of the Queen discography. There, the cat's out of the bag. Y'see, by reading about Nester's poetic, song-by-song

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So what if you're not an überfan who's spent a lifetime jerking off to the Queen canon (like Nester reveals himself to be on page 55)? You'll either come away from God Save My Queen believing it's a personal epiphany or thinking it's bunk. I've come to believe it's the former.

> **GOD SAVE MY QUEEN** By Daniel Nester . Soft Skull Press . 140 pp. • \$21.50

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## **Second Life** is second-rate

Esi Eduqvan buries Samuel Tyne under overly bleak, selfconscious writing

BY MALCOLM AZANIA (MINISTER FAUST)

here's so much in the promise in the premise of The Second Life of Samuel Tyne. It's a debut novel by celebrated Ghanaian-Canadian writer Esi Edugyan (her name's pronounced "essy e-DOO-j'n") about the bridging of past and present, urban and rural, Ghanaian and African-Canadian. Set in the 1970s, it's written with a poet's attention to wordcraft-each sentence has been tinkered with and fussed over to the satisfaction of its master, much like the electronics repairs performed by its title character.

Samuel Tyne is a harassed, depressed civil servant plummeting into a midlife crisis. Upon hearing the news that his patron-uncle Jacob has died and left Samuel his house and land in Aster, Alberta (based on real-life Amber Valley, one of about 20 Alberta townships founded by African-American immigrants around 1900), Samuel quits his job and hauls his neurotic, nagging wife and brilliant, spooky twin daughters from Calgary to settle in Aster. Samuel wants a second life, one where he'll no longer be pushed around by lesser men at work or by his wife who's never really believed in him. Like Willy Loman, Samuel wants prestige, respect and liberty to enjoy life; like Willy, he's great with his hands. Unlike Willy, Samuel is an intelligent man and competent at business once neighbour and Aster town official Raymond Frank ("candid king of the world") sends customers into his store.

Also like Willy, Samuel has a wife who opposes his dreams. But in Samuel's case, that opposition isn't out of protectiveness so much as spite, small-mindedness and tininess of spirit. Maud Tyne has turned her back on everything Ghanaian—like Samuel, she's trapped by her past to point where she refuses to call her homeland "Ghana," instead using the imperialist name "Gold Coast." Like many immigrants, she's swallowed the notion of "modernity," that the Euro-American world is the ideal of historical and personal development, yet she's as uncomfortable in the promised land as she is within her own skin (if not skin colour). She despises her defiantly unassimilated neighbour, Akosua Porter, generally refusing to speak with her in any of the Ghanaian languages they share. Not that Akosua is a dream neighbour, being a snide, condemning, superior anti-Westerner who takes delight in nothing so much as her determination to take no delight in anything. Add into the mix two overbearing Euro-Canadian locals, Ray and Eudora Frank, the Tynes' daughters Yvette and Chloe who are incredibly (I mean that liter-

ally) erudite, eloquent and possibly evil, and their reluctant houseguest Ama (a French-Canadian schoolmate), and you have a quagmire of miserable people in a dying town facing the threat of a serial arsonist, a danger which pales compared to the rot inside each person's heart and mind.

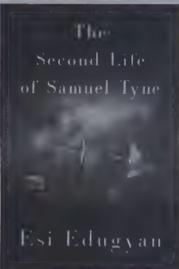
THE SECOND LIFE OF SAMUEL TYNE is an exploration of death-the death of parent figures and the effect it has on the living, the death of career ambition, the death of sexual intimacy, the death of communities, the death of relationships and the

death of the future because of the corruption of children. It's a stunningly bleak treatise on lives riddled by indecision, second-guessing, mental quadruple-takes and the steadfast refusal to find lasting happiness or transcendent meaning in anything. Samuel, Maud and Ama are wracked by this soul-destroying inward gaze. The bossy, nosy Franks and the self-righteous Porters are apparently too simple to be selfreflective; the dreadful, brilliant twins Yvette and Chloe are so selfreflective that they're even more trapped inside themselves than their parents are, emerging from their duoverse just long enough to strike out at the duli-witted humans who saunter past their mental crosshairs like carnival ducks

These characters, like the novel they inhabit, are all deeply frustrated and frustrating. I'm frustrated with the book's unremittingly joy-mincing triage of family and town in which people are cloistered inside their own skulls, oppressive and arrogant, or sociopathic. I don't buy this world any more than I buy one in which family and town are uniformly thoughtful, kind and welladjusted. The fussiness of these people and their total domination by regret, spite, pettiness or arrogance, makes for joyless and ultimately rather flat reading. The only surprise in this book is the extent of some people's badness. The message seems to be that people don't change unless it's to get worse-they can exchange homes and countries, switch languages and careers, but their only path is downward.

SAMUEL TYNE'S TITULAR "second life" isn't a life; it's the Greek underworld. Samuel "dies" from his Calgary civil service life, "descending" to the misery of Aster; he's tantalized by the prospect of a better life in the

pseudo-Elysian Fields, but discoveries that, like Sisyphus, no matter how much effort he expends, every-



thing is downhill. I just don't buy it. No one learns a damn thing in this book, not even the tragic lesson of learning too late where the wrong turn was taken.

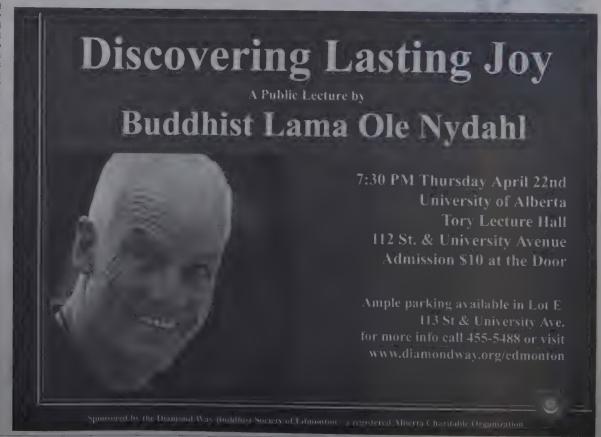
The prose is as intellectual and

aloof as Samuel's demeanour, and its craft is so, well, crafted, that it's passionless. Only in theory do I accept

that literary approach; for instance, one might imagine that the best way to convey a boring event is to write a boring chapter. But actually, that's a bad idea. The Second Life of Samuel Tyne strikes me as a very "English department" novel, its prose laboured over with great intention and attention, crisply and self-consciously "literary." I hope that with Edugyan's next venture, she assembles a more emotionally varied cast and invests the intellect and artfulness of her prose with emotions that extend beyond disappointment and desperation, as acclaimed fellow-B.C writer Eden Robinson did so brilliantly in Traplines, crafting intelligent, emotional, beautiful prose that demonstrates how even in misery, hope and happiness can exist. There's no denying Edugyan's extremely refined skills; what's missing in The Second Life of Samuel Tyne is rawness, unrefinedness, and the honest admission that, believe it or not, some people live in joy and love.

> THE SECOND LIFE OF SAMUEL TYNE

By Esi Edugyan • Knopf/Random House • 336 pp. • \$34.95





## **Mercury astronaut**

Poet Daniel Nester takes a bizarre, deeply personal cruise through Queen's discography

BY WHITEY HOUSTON

Tho hasn't windmilled around their living room at least once in their life screaming WEEEEE ARE THE CHAMPIONS, WEEEEEEEE ARE THE CHAMPI-ONS" in a wild-eyed, manic frenzy, all the while pointing mockingly at a friend you've just crucified for the third straight time at Stratego? And who can't shamefacedly admit that they've mashed out air power chords on an air flying V guitar while rocking out to the uptempo section of "Bohemian Rhapsody"? I mean, whether you are/were an impressionable AM radio casualty or a budding audiophile überfan/Mensa poet laureate, everybody knows the music of Queen to some degree. It is

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GOD SAVE MY QUEEN

By Daniel Nester • Soft Skull Press •

140 pp. • \$21.50

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5506 Tudor Glen (St. Albert) • 460-2222 The smell of sea-dwelling lifeforms fills the air, and the East Coast music in the background makes me feel as though I've been suddenly transported to the Rock. I'm searching for the words to describe the dining area, a compact section featuring artistic depictions of fish and unsurprisingly, lighthouses. Then it hits me: "rustic oceanic atmosphere." (Okay, so that's what it says on the menu. So sue me.) Speaking of menus, I'm loving the Lighthouse's lunch edition. The level of sophistication is greater than I'd anticipated, what with the red Peruvian trout and Cajun prawn pizza. And the dinner menu is even more indepth, featuring a list of stuff that makes my mouth water-paella, Hawaiian bigeye tuna, bouillabaisse and California striped bass with a mandarin fennel glaze. Very nice. And the wine list seems reasonably priced, too-I see a bottle of Australian Rosemount shiraz-cabernet is \$23 and I know the same bottle will run you about \$14 or so in the liquor store. so Billingsgate obviously isn't going crazy with the markup. Being the soup junkie that I am, I start off with a small bowl of lobster bisque. The lovely orange mixture is described as having been prepared in the traditional French style, with cognac, cream and rich lobster broth. Topped with some finely chopped fresh parsley, it's incredibly flavourful. Rich yes, but it doesn't weigh me down at all, which is good because I have a pickerel fillet on the way. (Note: you can get a bigger portion of the bisque as a meal. I saw one come out of the kitchen. Huge.) "That's a good choice," the server tells me as I order the fish, prepared in a tangerine butter and served with green apple relish. The large, colourful plate features the northern Alberta pickerel, a side of rice and a medley of vegetables. Not just your cheap, run-of-the-mill veggies, either, but a mix of red pepper, snow peas, zucchini, cauliflower, broccoli, carrots and squash. The pickerel is good and tender, the white meat flaking apart as you gently prod it with the fork. I'm missing something, though. And unfortunately, it doesn't dawn on me until later that there was no green apple relish on the side. Damn. It would've tasted great with the pickerel... which is probably why it appears on the menu in the first place, right? Still, I douse the fish with some lemon and it's just fine. Average Price: \$\$\$ (Reviewed 11/13/03)

#### CAFÉ ORLEANS

12208-Jasper Ave • 452-3160

The menu at Café Orleans has a wide variety of standard N'awlins-style food, which always turns my culinary crank. Kate starts with a spicy chicken salad, while I can't take my eyes off the chicken and sausage gumbo. A cup is \$4.95 but the bowl costs just a

buck more, and I've always been a sucker for the upsell. I'm soon having second thoughts about my decision, but not because the gumbo isn't satisfactory-on the contrary, the thick, hearty, ultra-spicy mix is a real attention-getter, leaving my nose a little runny and my nasal passages incredibly clear-but strictly because of its size. I take a few big swigs of my Buffalo draft to combat the lingering burn. The spicy chicken salad is generally a hit too, the crunchy candied pecans offering a textural balance with the tender, flery chicken. One small beef about the salad: the orange vinaigrette is on the watery side and pools up on the bottom of the plate. Somewhere in the middle of the evening, it feels as though the ceiling is caving in. We speculate wildly as to what's going on until I remember that Arthur Murray's is directly overhead and Fridays are apparently a big night in Edmonton's dance class scene. The pounding subsides quickly and before I know it, our blackened lamb rack and rice and beans are at the table. The lamb, served with a cinnamon-flavoured sauce, is awesome—tender and perfectly medium rare with that strong, distinctive taste. As for the rice and beans... well, it's not the vegetarian dish I had imagined, what with the pieces of smoky-tasting sausage accompanying it. Not that I have a problem with that. We've already decided that the bread pudding is a must. It's a relatively light and delicious version of the renowned sweet, unlike the horrible clump of dense bread I sampled a few years back at one of the more popular downtown steakhouses. Average Price: \$5-\$5\$ (Reviewed 02/16/04)

#### CULSINA

9914-89 Ave • 437-5588

A detailed explanation of renowned local chef Brad Lazarenko's new place comes in the mission statement printed right on the clipboard-style menu: "Your friendly neighbourhood restaurant serving ethnic comfort food, eclectic wines and crafty spirits." It's a more than apt description, and I can't help but think it'll be a hit based on atmosphere alone; the black and brown walls, oil paintings and metal ceiling fans create an environment that's at once classy and casual, a mood enhanced even more by the vintage big-band tunes emanating from the CD player. The menu's set up beautifully, with a small variety of categories like day dishes (cuLoina is open from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. and then reopens in the early evening), confection, caffeines, brews, wines and dinner dishes, the latter broken up into "small" and "large." The organic chorizo sausage, chickpea and tomato hotpot with grilled cornbread is a mouthwatering example of the ultra-affordable smaller dishes, while the larger Alberta beef flank steak with blue cheese and chocolate (for just \$15) looks like a winner from the list of bigger items. Oh yes, Sunday is family night and for \$20 per person, the cuisine is served platter-style. I go with a light special for that day: the halibut and avocado taco. It comes with a side of "green salad," which at culoina means a

mix of romaine, spinach, Edam cheese, fruit and vegetables with an orange ginger dressing. The taco is amazing. Large, browned chunks of halibut are inserted into the homemade soft shell along with strands of a yellowish cabbage and the avocado, with a bit of quacamole on the side. It's rich in texture but hardly heavy. And it goes real well with my Belgian Hoegaarden beer. The salad features grapes, pear chunks and corn and I get a subtle hint of the ginger in the dressing which each clean mouthful. Average Price: \$\$ (Reviewed 04/01/04)

#### **DARIEN'S COCKTAILS** AND FINE FOODS

5552 Calgary Trail South (Plaza 55) • 439-8675

Darien puts a lot of serious effort into his wings. He tells me his exclusive mix of spices for the various flavours on the menu is completely secret—he doesn't even tell the kitchen staff what they consist of. The variations are numerous: BBQ, honey garlic, teriyaki, salt and pepper, lemon and pepper, Cajun. Then you get into the heat: there's mild, medium and hot, and then you cross over into an entirely different realm with Chernobyl, Meltdowns and the mack daddy of 'em all, the Thermo-Nuclear Meltdowns, which are served with-no word of a lie-plastic gloves and a waiver. Our group discusses wing protocol and decide that the six of us will go with some of the tamer varieties before we jump into a couple dozen Chernobyls and then a dozen Thermo-Nuclear Meltdowns. We safely dance through the preliminary round but fear grips the table in anticipation of the killer wings to come. We all sign the waiver, whereupon Darien brings the wings over personally. (He's the only one who makes the Thermo-Nuclear Meltdowns, by the way.) I can't say I've ever smelled such a scent-it's reminiscent of death. We suit up with the gloves and John goes for it. Steve does the same soon after, and following a helluva lot of deliberation, I munch on a drummie. How to describe the taste? Well, John, immediately begins to sweat. Steve is making alarming sounds I've never heard him make and I'm genuinely scared for him. As for me, the burn is beyond anything I've ever experienced before. Tears flow from my eyes and saliva builds up in my mouth at a sickeningly quick pace Thankfully, we had milk with us, which was one of Darien's tips. Water and beer only add to the pain, he told us-a littleknown fact that you'd do well to keep in mind if you're masochistic enough to try a Thermo-Nuclear Meltdown yourself. Average Price: \$\$ (Reviewed 03/04/04

#### **82 BBQ AND NOODLE HOUSE** 9118-82 Ave • 448-9988

With the growing tickle in my throat letting me know sickness would overtake me soon, I decided I needed a big, spicy bowl of some type of Asian soup. Steve had heard there was a new noodle house down Whyte-and it seemed like the perfect remedy to the evil brewing inside me. The menu is packed with all sorts of standard Chinese fare and it's too bad we're just a pair popping in for a quick bite because the BBQ duck dinner for four (at what seems like a reasonable

## Might as well go for Zocca's

The last page of the restaurant listings yields some mighty tasty pizza

BY DAVID DICENZO

riting about food can be a complicated existence. It's not a job that consists of mere indulgence and subsequent reporting-the pre-meal groundwork is half the battle. How do I choose my destinations? Well, there's advice from friends, of course. I'll ask where they've been that's new or, more accurately, new and weird. Occasionally I just get in the car and drive until I spot something interesting. But after eating at hundreds of places over the yearsmany superb, many just holes in the wall that officially have a kitchen and make for a good story-I can get stuck for ideas.

So this week I left it to chance.

I grabbed the yellow pages and started with the Zs at the end of the restaurant listings (I would've started at the As, but I was in no mood for Chinese, the style of the first dozen or so places in the book (AAA Chinese Restaurant and Lounge, followed by A Absolute Szechuan Castle Buffet...) The very last place on page 1,487 is Zodiac Restaurant. Problem: I've been there. I heard that they served pudding and went there right after enduring a nasty root canal.

Next to last was Zocca's Pizzeria. On Castledowns Road.

I thought about packing a lunch for the lengthy drive out but figured I'd save room for what I hoped would be some delicious pie. I wasn't disappointed.

After the trek to the city's northernmost point (my cell's signal was gone), I walk in Zocca's to find a few old boys putting away some afternoon pitchers. I grab a seat at a small table just a small leap away from the claw machine and the parquet dancefloor, which I'm certain is hopping on Saturdays (\$1.99 highballs for Ladies' Night). The specials sign reveals that you can get a \$50 bar tab for your birthday ("ask server for details," it reads) and I get sad

### RESTAURANTS

when I realize I probably couldn't even drink enough anymore to use the damn thing up.

I can eat, however, and I bypass all the baked loaves, pastas and parmigianis on the menu and go straight to the pizzas. They come in medium and large and aside from the build-your-own options, there are also a few gourmet specialties—the Zorba (take a guess at the items on that one), the VIP (featuring a strange mix of salami and shrimp) and the Donair.

I go for the medium Cajun chicken, which features red and green peppers, onions, mushrooms, a special Cajun spice and diced chicken. Like one of the older gents sipping on his draft, I flip through the paper while I patiently wait for my meal. After a while, the barkeep/server pops by.

"It's coming," she says. "These are thick pizzas."

And she puts her two hands about three inches apart to give me an idea of what to expect. Right at that moment, there's a buzz at the bar. No, not like playoff hockey buzz or "How about that Phil Mickelson winning the Masters" buzz—I mean an actual buzzer goes off and I come to the correct conclusion it's all for me.

SHE WASN'T KIDDING about the thickness. The pie comes out on a stylish old serving tray and I'm sincerely awed by its depth. It looks

more like a big quiche than your typical flat pizza-maybe even thicker than the server had claimed. The dough is moist on the interior but exceptionally crispy on the outside, just the way I like it. And the toppings are simply loaded on, from the chunky pieces of peppers to the hearty chunks of ultra-tender, spicy chicken. The unique thing is that they put a layer of cheese over the top, but not just a few loose strands of shredded mozzarelia. This is a layer with uniform consistency, like getting the bottom of your car undercoated. It's a crust in itself and this pizza is one that most definitely requires utensils. The thought of sampling some three-for-one takeout crud after trying this gem just horrifies me.

Looks like I jumped the gun when I said I could eat a lot, though. I down just two pieces before I have to call it a day. The good thing is that I have twice that many slices left and now have no worries about my next two meals. Hell, the box is still heavy with only two thirds of the pizza left.

By the way, I've now made official appearances at the last three Zs in the listings—Zodiac, Zocca's and Ziveli Restaurant.

Zin's Seafoods, you're next.

ZOCCA'S PIZZERIA 10807 Castledowns Road • 473-6339









#### DISH WEEKLY

\$65.75) looks tasty. Instead, we split a few dishes: the empire chicken, a BBQ pork chow mein and, to curb my spicy soup craving, a medium-sized bowl of the seafood hot and sour concoction. The server brings me a huge pot of loose leaf jasmine tea, helping me soothe the irritation in my throat prior to the main event. The food arrives quickly, starting with the soup. This hot and sour version has your typical tofu and strands of thinly sliced Chinese mushrooms, along with peas, shredded carrots, calamari and baby shrimp in an ultra-thick, almost gelatinous broth. For the short while that the soup remained hot (temperature-wise), my throat feels much better. After getting through a bowl or two each, the empire chicken and the chow mein arrive. The former, served on a small, oval platter with breaded chicken chunks, mushrooms, green peppers, carrots, water chestnuts, baby corns and peanuts, is supposed to be spicy. (It had the little red chilis beside the name on the menu, for Crissakes.) It's good, yes, but provides lit-





#### DISH WEEKLY

tle in the way of a kick. I have to be honest-I wasn't too impressed with the chow mein platter, either. The amount of BBQ pork amongst the bok choy and other veggies looks scant and upon further digging, we find our initial assessment to be correct. I did like the crunchy noodles, however, a nice contrast to the rest of the dish. Average Price: \$ (Reviewed 01/08/04)

#### FLAVOURS MODERN BISTRO

10354-82 Ave · 439-9604

You want brave? Try opening a restaurant a few weeks before Christmas, which is exactly what the owners of Flavours Modern Bistro have done on the famous Old Strathcona stretch. Sure, you get the Christmas push, but January is downtime for most establishments. Then again, there's a reason rents on Whyte are so high: never-ending traffic. I walked into Flavours (kudos to them on the inclusion of the "u," by the way), the former location of the Bagel Tree, and was immediately impressed by the look of the swanky new spot, what with the cozy blue chairs, dark hardwood décor (both tables and floor) and the high ceiling complete with oddly-shaped alcoves on the walls. I have an intelligent, concise menu in front of me, offering a selection of salads, apps, "flavourwiches" and a few tasty-looking entrées (oh, and two varieties of eggs Benedict). I almost bite on the braised lamb shanks with a white bean and lentil ragout but I always get lamb, so I go instead for the chicken pancetta sandwich (sorry, flavourwich), featuring a grilled chicken breast, pancetta, smoked mozzarella with a roasted red pepper and garlic mayo on multi-grain bread. Basically, it's a highend "club." In a fowl mood himself, Steve selects the five-pecan crusted chicken, a real earthy-looking dish that was served with a brown pommery mustard sauce. More people begin to file in and I decide that Flavours is a solid addition to Whyte's dining scene and not just because people are trudging along in minus-40 weather to get there. I can't think of many, if any, places on the strip that combine such an obvious level of sophistication with so little in the way of pretension and overly expensive items. The well-proportioned dishes top out at about \$16 or \$17 while the top price on the wine list is about \$40 or so, instead of a starting point. You could easily spend more for less. Average Price: \$\$ (Reviewed 01/29/04)

#### IL PORTICO

Six years in the River City and I'd never given this house of reputedly choice Italian cuisine a go. I can't get over the complexity of the menu, which deserves some in-depth description. From tanta-

lizing apps like the beef carpaccio with fresh arugula and white truffle oil, right through to wildly creative entrées such as the pan-roasted, com-fed, free-range chicken breast with lemon and rosemary, porcini mushroom risotto, parmesan fried zucchini and sundried tomato dressing, it all looks so inviting. Our attentive server, who has a fairly overt swagger and air of confidence that I figure pretty much comes with the territory, brings us two plates of olive oil and balsamic vinegar and some delicious crunchy bread to start. There's eight of us at the table but he suggests we pace ourselves and begin with the appetizer platter for four. And what a fantastic spread it is. The fried calamari is accompanied by a piquant dip, while the rest of the plate features bruschetta, mixed olives and a bevy of grilled treats, including prawns, Italian sausage, vegetables (eggplant, portobello mushroom and yellow zucchini) and a magnificent grilled radicchio starter stuffed with mozzarella and prosciutto. I see a couple of the popular pastas further down the table, one with linguine and a copious amount of shrimp, and another penne version with tenderloin tips and mushrooms in a spicy tomato sauce. I, like a few others, decide on the mahi tuna special. The pepper-encrusted steak is seared to medium rare perfection and placed on a bed of mashed potatoes, green beans and finely shredded carrots, which resembles a little nest. A thin butter cream sauce encircles the entire set of items on my plate and makes for a lovely presentation. We only order two sweets in total, but both are showstoppers. At one end is the cappuccino crème brulée with Frangelico whipped cream and a chocolate biscotti. I take a pass on anything featuring chocolate, but only because I have a hunch that the limoncello sorbetto, with a raspberry vanilla bean consommé and iced blueberries, will offer one helluva clean finish. Average price: \$\$\$-\$\$\$\$ (Reviewed 02/26/04)

#### MILL CREEK CAFÉ

9562-82 Ave • 439-5535

Other than a bevy of nice-looking sweets and baked goods, sandwiches are pretty much the order of the day at Mill Creek Café. Kate orders the Montreal smoked meat sandwich, while I eventually get around to choosing the salmon salad. Then come the questions. "Swiss, cheddar or cream cheese?" the counter girl asks. Kate says Swiss, I say cream. "Tomato, cucumber and sprouts?" Yup. "Pickles?" Sure. "Hot, honey or Dijon mustard?" Kate says yes to the former and after a bit of deliberation, I pass, figuring there's no need to add mustard to the salmon. "Mayo and butter?" Neither. Mill Creek bakes everything fresh each day and as I attempt to wrap my mouth around the massive slices of

grainy whole wheat bread with pieces of carrot in it, I think to myself that it looks awfully inviting. I had taken note of the fact that Kate asked for hot mustard and I patiently awaited her reaction. Sure enough, it came. "Whoa," she says after the first or second bite. It's actually really hot stuff-I try a nibble and some of the mustard actually burns a small nick on my lip. These sandwiches are huge and because baked goods are in our immediate future, we pack up the remainders and head back to the counter. This time I'm only slightly more decisive—a piece of chocolate cherry loaf (a mere buck and change) and a slice of lemon meringue pie, though the chocolate peanut butter bars were crying out at me. Average Price: \$ (Reviewed 12/04/03)

#### DVERTIME SOUTH

Whitemud Crossing (4211-106 St)

485-1717

I've been to the downtown Overtime in the past, but this version, once home to a Scruffy Murphy's, is definitely different. Sure, the numerous TVs and comfy little alcoves to relax in with friends are the same, and the Kevin Lowe paraphernalia is visible as a framed Team Canada jersey belonging to the Oil GM and part owner hangs at the bar. But other than the mini-humidor, the swank-o-meter hardly registers. No, this is a more proletariat crowd-couples, dudes in ballcaps and beer. Another thing that's different is the food. I recall a relatively in-depth, upscale bar-food menu at the downtown digs but Overtime South... Well, I'm pretty sure it's the old Scruffy's menu. There's your typical roadhouse fare of finger foods and sandwiches, with a Guinness pie and all-day Irish breakfast thrown in for good measure. I'm somewhat tempted by the latter, which has eggs, sausages, blood pudding, Irish soda bread and tomatoes, but I bail. The waitress lets us know that wings and mussels are on special and we end up trying some of each. We get a pound of medium wings, on for just \$3.50. "I like the sauce," Kate says of the plump wings. "It's buttery. And I like the mussels too." I agree. The wings actually have a good amount of meat on them, unlike many places that serve disgraceful, bony little things for their specials. Nothing at all wrong with the mussels either, as the white wine cream concoction has ample flavour and surprisingly, the focaccia is good. Nowhere near the same neighbourhood as my mother's, but light and airy nonetheless. We split the two ample pieces of fish and divvy up the ultra-thin deep-fried potato slices that represent the "chips" half of the equation. I was a little unsure of things when I first walked into Overtime South. It wasn't what I initially envisioned and the menu seemed like a step down from the original location. But you know







#### DISH WFFKIY

what? The place is similar to the Oil throughout this courageous stretch drive in March-better than expected. Average Price: \$-\$\$ (Reviewed 03/25/04)

#### **SMOKEY JOE'S HICKORY** MADREHOUSE

15135 Stony Plain Road o 413-3379

I figure-er, I mean, I reckon-Smokey loe's was conceived as a replica of oldfashioned prairie cuisine, or at least an homage to it. License plates from all over the continent dot the walls and the menu, bound in wood, has headings like "Samwiches" and "Young Un's Dinners." The ranch theme is a little schmaltzy but for a guy soon to vacate the province, it's enough to bring a small tear to my eye. The coolest thing has to be the pink butcher paper they use for tableclothsthat's a nice touch. My comedic dining buddy Steve is along for this trail ride and he busts a gut when he spots the veggieburger on the menu. "I bet you it's never been ordered," he says. Well, neither of us are gonna be the first so instead, we put all our eggs in one highcholesterol basket: the sampler for two. It includes, in no particular order, two roasted quarter chickens, pork ribs, turkey, ham, beef and two of Smokey Joe's famous ultra-hot wings. Oh, and garlic toast. "We're out of wings tonight so I'll give you another quarter chicken. is that okay?" our host asks. Deal! You get your choice of three sides with the sampler so Steve and I agree on cornbread, beans and potato salad. I don't notice much green anywhere in the restaurant so we see no sense in having any on our plate. Back a century ago, a cowboy wouldn't have been clamouring for a side salad, right? I swear there's a strained look on our server's face as she lugs out the plate with what Steve refers to as "a pile of meat" on it. "There, go wild," she says. All of the homemade barbecue sauces are lined up in front of us-Smokey Joe's sells them on the premises, along a variety of the meats, including jerky—and it's time to get to work. On this snowy, frigid night, the platter gives me a much-needed dose of summertime. The spicy taste of the smoked meats, the richness of the beans

and the creamy potato salad make me forget that it got dark at 4:30 p.m. that day. Average Price: \$\$-\$\$\$ (Reviewed

#### TROPIKA MALAYSIAN CUISINE 6004-104 St • 439-6699

As we meet up in the front entrance of Tropika and I'm amazed by how packed it is this jumping Friday night. I've been here before and I loved itbut that visit was quite some time ago. Years, in fact, and it seems Tropika's gotten a lot more popular since then. And why not? With the straw awning over the bar, the big woven chairs reserved for VIPs and the Hawaiian shirts on the waitstaff, it's like island party central in here. Before we even look at the tantalizing food menu, we giggle at the depth and variety of the drink list. Doctor Funk (and Doctor Funk's Sun, made with 151 rum), Bellini, Scorpion-they all look good. Birthday boy John finds his groove when he orders a Tropikolada, a drink that apparently comes from heaven. "You couldn't come up with anything that would make me happier," John says after slurping up the last bit of what one table member calls "an Orange Julius with alcohol." I figure food will make us even happier. Right out of the gate, we try some starters: a dozen satays (pork, beef, chicken and lamb), five Indonesian spring rolls and two bowls of Singapore Laska, a hearty soup with vermicelli noodles. The crunchy peanut sauce goes well with the satays and the spring rolls are incredibly neat, stuffed with pan-fried pork, Chinese mushrooms and shredded jicama, then deep-fried extracrispy with peanuts on the outer shell. The Singapore Laska is a feast with shrimp, tofu and fish cakes all married together in a tasty broth. My favourite, however, is the Kari Lembu, a sensational dish of melt-in-your-mouth curry with beef. We also ordered something known as Nasi Goreng, a local recipe of Malay fried rice and a few delectable side dishes, including steamed spinach and Sambal Bunchies, firm green beans with prawns and Sambal sauce. While each of these creations rocks (very spicy stuff), the most memorable

comes to the table in a small kettle filled with vegetables and prawns simmered in a Malay coconut sauce. Oh, it was awesome, the broth so rich and colourful-by far the pièce de résistance. Average Price: \$\$ (Reviewed

#### WHITE SPOT

3921 Calgary Trail • 432-9153

True, the White Spot is a chain but it's a western Canadian one, which isn't so bad. Founder Nat Bailey was a crafty Vancouver entrepreneur who got the business up and running way back in the '30s, a few years after opening the country's first drive-in restaurant following a car ownership boom in the Lower Mainland. Smart guy. It's since expanded throughout B.C. and into Alberta, with the Calgary Trail locale being the only one of its kind in Edmonton (and the farthest east of any White Spots). This particular branch understandably has a bit of a hockey motif going on, with Original 6 jerseys displayed alongside some old-school metal blade skates and various pictures adorning the walls. I figure they must have that new Joe station tuned in on the radio. Someone told me it's "a mix of all sorts of crap" and when the rotation goes from old Depeche Mode to Macy Gray and then to Phil Collins's "Easy Lover," I'm convinced. I go big, passing up on some the staple breakfast items in favour of the renowned pancake sandwich, which the menu describes as a stack of buttermilk pancakes with an egg on top and a choice of bacon or sausage on the side. Whenever I indulge in some pancakes, I tend to wanna eat 'em up real fast. The reason being, pancakes get cold quickly. Not at White Spot, however. Your syrup comes to the table in a little personal dispenser-and get this: it's warmed up in the kitchen. That's such a simple touch but it honestly does cure the one and only problem I have with pancakes. It's like those glasses filled with fluid that you put upsidedown in the freezer-the only problem with beer is that it gets warm, but in one of those glasses, it only gets colder as you drink it. These are ingenious ideas, people. Average Price: \$ (Reviewed 02/12/04)







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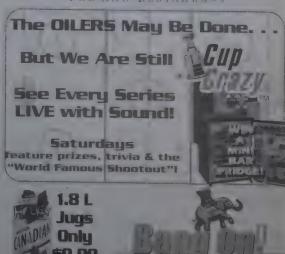
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# Back in Black

The Pixies have reunited, and millions of indie rock fans rejoice at the news

BY DAVE JOHNSTON

don't look back and say, 'Gee, that sure was a good time.' And I don't know why we would get back together. My agent hasn't called with a multi-million-dollar offer and I don't know if I would do it. It would call into question if I would be doing it for the money. I don't have a problem with other people doing it but, personally, I have enough money. I get to play the music I want to play and do what I want to do."

That's what Frank Black said to me back in 1997. The Pixies' label 4AD had just released Death to the Pixies, a retrospective compilation of the band's better-known tunes and it was one of the first interviews I ever did for Vue Weekly. Black had just exited a deal with American Recordings, who issued his first two solo albums, and was about to start up the Catholics. At the time of our conversation, he was ambivalent about what caused the Pixies to implode a few years earlier. "Why did we break up? I'm not

"Why did we break up? I'm not going to be dishonest with you by saying there wasn't negativity in the air when there was. The short version was that I was sick of it. It's really no big deal."

Black formally announced the dissolution of the Pixies on January 14, 1993, pointing to record company and management pressure to deliver a sixth album, which seemed impossible to do in light of his increasing battes with bassist Kim Deal. Legend has it that the rest of the band members were told everything was over by fax. Up to that point, Charles Michael Kiteridge Thompson IV was known as Black Francis. After that fax rolled through the machine, he became Frank Black. Everything burned. That monkey went to heaven.

Or did it? At the time of the breakup, the Pixies seemed on the

## **EROCK**

brink of greater things. They started the decade filling stadiums in Europe and opening for U2 in North America. After the Pixies died, the myth was born.

PERHAPS THE MOST FAMOUS quote about the Pixies' legacy was uttered by someone who wasn't even a member of the band. Nor did it roll off the tongue of a record company wag or a reverent journalist. It was Kurt Cobain. In a January 1994 interview with Rolling Stone, Cobain admitted that Nirvana's "Smells Like Teen Spirit" was his attempt to ape one of his favourite bands. "I was trying to write the ultimate pop song," he said. "I was basically trying to rip off the Pixies. I have to admit it."

In fact, hundreds, if not thousands, of bands owe the Pixies an enormous debt. Like the Velvet Underground who came two decades before them, the Boston foursome never sold a lot of records in their day, but nearly everyone who bought one started a band. The softloud dynamic, punctuated by Black Francis's seemingly nonsensical screams about spaceships and Mexican superheroes, is all but commonplace in rock music today, a part of the genetic code cracked by groups like Nirvana, Radiohead and Weezer, who took it and sold it back to the mallrats of the world. It's hard to believe that the Pixies' seesaw melodic attack used to terrify and infuriate people back in the day.

"Whenever somebody comes to me and tells me they started a band because of the Pixies, I don't get alarmed," the former Black Francis told me over the phone that fall evening. "Often I am respectful, thankful and awed by it—as cynical as I am. [But] I can't deny I wasn't influenced by other bands and their records. That's the way it works."

AND THAT'S HOW the Pixies started, really, back in 1986. Charles Thompson IV dropped out of his human anthropology course at the University of Massachusetts—a hallowed learning ground later immortalized in "U-Mass," from their last studio album, Trompe le Monde—and convinced his roommate Joey Santiago to do the same. The pair moved to Boston,

where they placed an ad in the paper looking for a bassist "into Hüsker Dü and Peter Paul and Mary," which prompted Kim Deal to pick up the phone. Through her, they picked up drummer David Lovering and started performing as Pixies in Panoply.

Their sound was dark, tense and frenetic, with malevolent basslines courting abrasive melodies lifted from surf rock. Then there were the hellchild sci-fi rants of Black Francis, countered by Deal's sugar-sweet harmonies. After scaring the locals for a bit, they followed their friends in Throwing Muses into a deal with British label 4AD, who released their beautifully evil EP Come On Pilgrim in 1987. A fulllength arrived in the following spring: Surfer Rosa, produced by Steve Albini. The album, with its famed cover featuring a topless woman, is considered by many fans to be the Pixies' finest moment-"Gigantic" and "Where Is My Mind" both came from here.

But Doolittle, released in 1989, is probably their best-known creation. In addition to being the first album the band recorded with longtime producer Gil Norton, it also contained many of the group's archetypal songs, the ones fratboys and girls always seem to know the words to. Hence the enduring popularity of "Debaser," "Wave of Mutilation," "Monkey Gone to Heaven" and the could-have-been-a-hit "Here Comes Your Man." The mainstream beckoned, and the band answered with 1990's Bossanova and the anthemic single "Velouria."

BUT THE CRACKS were slowly forming over the Pixies' surrealist façade.

That same year, Deal teamed up with former Throwing Muse Tanya Donelly and producer Albini to record the first Breeders album, Pod. By assuming the lead role on guitar and songwriting duties, it was apparent that Deal was frustrated with her role in the Pixies, which was dominated on all fronts by Black Francis.

Listen to Trompe le Monde, and you can hear what Hot Hot Heat would perhaps call the makeup of the breakdown. A fiery cover of Jesus and Mary Chain's "Head On" is what The Trouser Press Guide To '908 Rock said "call[ed] attention to the material issue." Which is to say, this wasn't the band's finest moment. Fans recoiled from what sounded like a band spinning its wheels, occasionally lighting up a brilliant idea and squandering it away. Then there was the fax.

So how does a reunion happen, even when Black himself figured it was impossible? Strangely enough, the only place that offers up any kind of answer is Brian Raftery's profile of Frank Black in the April 2004 issue of GQ, handly a barometer of the subculture. Yet it's strangely appropriate. In the decade since the Pixies dissolved, subculture no longer seems that, well, subversive. Since Cobain lit up MTV with the disaffected refrain of a generation, anything underground quickly heads overground before you can scream "Here we are now, entertain us."

In the article, Black explains that he was "in a different place emotionally or psychologically or whatever" 12 years ago, and says he broke the news via fax because "I didn't want to have any kind of confrontation." Over the last year, he divorced his wife, left Los Angeles and sought therapy. Then he made a crack on a British radio show about a reurion, and it was like a cloud lifted from over the tired and cranky indie rock masses. Suddenly, the idea didn't seem so bad after all. "I was like, 'Well, yeah, what the hell?" Black told Raftery. "I wasn't so uptight about it."

THERE'S NO QUESTION that the Pixies will make an insane amount of money off this reunion tour, and there are definitely a million hearts beating frantically over what may come next. If this were any other band, we'd probably tell them to go fuck their greedy-ass selves, but how are the Pixies impervious to the criticism? Maybe it has to do with what Cobain alluded to-a sense that these guys deserve every damn penny coming to them, especially after spending years of hearing every other band that came along since rip them off and make a mint in the process.

Besides, you can't outrun your own shadow. Last spring, when Black brought his Catholics to Red's, he started the set with "Where Is My Mind," and the gesture resonated deeply with everyone in the room. While it was all well and good that Frank was there playing with his band, there was a virulent fantasy running amuck through the hearts of the crowd. This Sunday, the Pixies get to tell us they're sorry, and we get to tell them that we forgive them. And it's about time. •

Red's • Sun, Apr 18



## AN OPEN LETTER OF THANKS TO THE CITY OF EDMONTON FROM THE JUNOFEST PRODUCERS

Congratulations to Edmonton for rising to the occasion when the Canadian Music Industry descended on us for the 2004 JUNO weekend.

First thanks to Gerry Stoll (Northlands) the scout who was instrumental in bringing the JUNOs here, and to the Alberta Recording Industry for hosting JUNOFest 04.

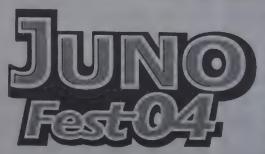
Many thanks to the **entertainment managers** and **proprietors** of all the venues, who eagerly demonstrated their willingness to participate in **JUNOFest** early in the planning stages late last year.

Much gratitude and many thanks to Vue Weekly and See Magazine for agreeing to be the print media co-sponsors of JUNOFest and the successive excellent coverage. Thank you to CKUA, CBC and CJSR for the overthe-top involvement.

A hearty thank you to the nearly 300 local artists - from solo, duo, trios to big bands, from genres ranging from urban to country, to blues, world, jazz, rock, folk and roots who submitted showcase applications to perform at JUNOFest.

Numerous thank yous to event sponsors Allstar Sound, and to Angel/Axe Audio, Atlyn Productions, and Long and McQuade for making JUNOFest gear a priority amid the equipment chaos that weekend.

Thanks to Blackdot Productions, Northern Lights Folk Club, Spirit River



Distribution, Slavek Branicki and Glenda Dennis for bringing their expertise to the JUNOFest table.

Resounding thanks to the 110 JUNOFest performers and in particular the local artists who evidenced that some of the finest in Canadian talent reside right here in River City.

Heartfelt thanks to event logistics experts Don Snider and Linda Brenneman-Snider, and their teams of professional volunteers who so generously donate long shifts to make certain Edmonton festivals run like a well-oiled machine. Volunteers in Edmonton are

renowned as the life-blood of these events, and JUNOFest was no exception.

To quote a Canadian lyric, "if there ain't no audience there just ain't no show". To the **JUNOFest** attendees, thank you so much for coming out.

Thank you to Edmonton for presenting the most successful JUNOFest to date-the most venues, the largest number of performers, the highest artist merchandise sales, and record attendance.

The subsequent JUNOFest feedback from across the country has been a wave of congratulations and accolades. Edmonton, take a bow.

Appreciatively and respectfully, Peter North and Kirby

WEST EDMONTON MALL . PH: 481-6420



## PIXIES ALL FOUR ORIGINAL MEMBERS

APRIL 18

Grammy Award Nominees

Black Eyed Peas

WITH BLUES UNDERDOG

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SUN APR 25

TIX AT RED'S AND TICKETMASTER

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#### MUSIC



music notes

BY PHIL DUPERRON

#### No Hands land

No Hands • With the Social Wire • Listen Records • Frl, Apr 16 When No Hands vocalist/guitarist Clayton Skinner stumbled onstage last month at the band's debut live performance sporting a white dress and some sexy stockings, needless to say, some audience members were a little taken aback. (No offence to Skinner, but when you're a pasty indie dude, looking sexy in women's clothing is

something of an impossibility.)

"It's funny, because our drummer [Clint Frasier] didn't want him to do it," recalls No Hands quitarist Kris Burwash with a chuckle from his post at Listen Records. According to Burwash, the stunt was partially a kneejerk reaction against the current crop of New York City hair bands that seem to be selling style over musical substance. "There's a lot of fashion in music right now, and [Skinner] did it because he was trying to make a statement that the music should speak for itself-fashion shouldn't matter. Once he started playing, though, I don't think anyone in the audience even noticed what he was wearing anymore." Surely, beyond a few "Nice legs!" catcalls, the audience had better things to do. Namely, watch as No Hands dished out their sonic assault of short-circuiting guitars, pounding drums and pained vocals.

Formed out of the ashes of postrock outfit Assemblage Point, No Hands was originally the pet project of

Skinner and bassist Matt Webb, who began amassing new material after their drummer passed away two years ago. With a glut of new tracks and a new sound to share, Skinner and Webb went about forming a live incarnation. Since enlisting the services of drummer Clint Frasier and singing up Burwash in January, No Hands has already completed a four-song EP, recorded with local producer Nik Kozub. Burwash says that Friday's show will give rockers a chance to get a sneak peak at the record-maybe. "I think we're going to have a few burned copies at the show, but in a perfect world, I would like to see it properly released as a seveninch." Either way, expect at least one strange costume change. (JS)

#### Are you afraid of the Darksand?

Darksand • With Mind of a Squid and Hidden • Stars • Fri, Apr 16 After a year-long hiatus, Edmonton's



Hit in I hum + With the Ejerukators - The Shark Tank - Sat, Apr 10 - ravUE Long before the Gap started selling studeed leathercoetts: what made pilot selling selling to the whole thinks it is lost at its former ferocity has been watching too many videos without taking the pulse on the start. With Edmanton banes are the Electronic and Hu in Run administration to the city and it was a west, alamming father a basements and halls around the city and it weeks at the head. In between screaming cult tight, 80s-style anthems like "Violence" and "Breaking the Law," singer Steve-Ordeware took it upon himself to jum into the pil and six antigo himself whenever the action started to flag. (PD)



moody, experimental metalheads Darksand are once again taking the stage by storm. After playing together for several years and releasing a self-titled disc, Darksand were relegated to the sidelines when drummer Trevor Duffy bowed out of the band. "Maybe the rock 'n' roll lifestyle caught up with him a little quicker than it did the band," explains guitarist Brent Ankrom. But after some unsuccessful attempts to find a replacement, the downtime eventually brought Duffy back into the fold. "We've actually got our original drummer back and he's a little bit more mentally fit to play now," says Ankrom.

The five guys in Darksand play a heavy mix of rock with the odd mandolin and harmonica bit thrown in for variety. Ankrom says their set can be tweaked to fit in with just about anything, depending on the vibe of the room. "We've played with hippies like Knee Deep in Grass," he says, "and then next we can play with Dead lesus. It keeps us a lot more interested as far as writing goes. It doesn't get so stale and repetitive as long as we keep incorporating new stuff."

However, the impressive diversity the band musters sometimes acts as a double-edged sword. "It helps and it doesn't," Ankrom says, "because a lot of people try to describe us and everybody's got a different term for us depending on what set they saw. There's benefits and then there's setbacks as well."

The band's fascination with dark, gloomy themes not only bleeds into their songs where monsters and forgotten gods lurk, but it's provided them with visual fodder for their live show as well. "Using-several." TVs libergated from pawnshops and video loops spliced from the library's collection of medical and military footage as well as a friend's stop-motion animation, Darksand have created a stark low-budget backdrop. "We find it gives people a lot more to focus on," Ankrom says, "rather than having to look at our frontman just jumping around and whatnot." (PD)

#### Remixed blessing

The Summerlad • With the Besnard Lakes and National Monument • Seedy's • Fri, Apr 16 Most remix albums don't end up

being critical smashes. If Daft Punk couldn't pull it off with Daft Club and Aphex Twin's 26 Mixes for Cash was a less of a remix album and more of a statement on the excesses of the digital age, what are the chances that an indie rock band from Calgary would deliver a remix album that was actually worth listening to?

Pretty slim, that's for certain. However, according to Summerlad drummer Dean Martin, fan reaction to the band's Golden Hammers remix project has been anything but regretful. "We were really surprised and excited about the reaction to the whole thing," explains Martin, gearing up for a couple of Alberta dates. "When it came out, there was a really good buzz-for people to listen to that record and then see us live, it was a pretty bold thing to do." Originally intended as a stopgap/teaser for the band's long-awaited follow-up to 2001's Distance Will Be Swept Up, the remix project dropped last spring and has certainly raised a lot of ears in the band's hometown and beyond. "It was more of a limited edition kind of thing," Martin says, "because it's been so long since our last album came out, we wanted to put something out."

And Martin says the wait is almost over for the band's new record. "We've finished recording and mixing it, and now we're just getting our finances together and shopping it around to get some help to put it out." This time around, the band built their own studio and took the better part of a year to finish the new album's 13 tracks. "We recorded and mixed the album in batches of two songs each," Martin says, "and then moved on to the next two. There's some pretty big sounds on there." For a sneak peak, visit the band's website, www.thesummerlad.com. (IS)

#### Mr. Pig stuff

SLAVECO. • With U.K. Subs, Billy and the Lost Boys and AB Irato: New City (Fri, Apr 16) • With Billy and the Lost Boys: Megatunes (Sat, Apr 17, 2pm (free)) Although SLAVECO. frontman Mr. Chi Pig has called Vancouver home since 1990, he can't escape his Edmonton connection. Not only did

his recently reformed band SNFU (who will be in town in May) get their start here in the early '80s, but an old job at Saveco also provided the name for his newest musical outlet. "I worked there for a while with Mike McDonald from Jr. Gone Wild," Pig says, "and my pet name for the place was Slaveco, so when it came time to look for a name for the band, it seemed like a good fit."

Not so far back, in 2000, SNFU were touring with a Vancouver metal band called OCEAN3 and they made a good impression on each other: Pig was impressed by OCEAN3's tight set and OCEAN3 was impressed by Pig's willingness to lick the stripper pole onstage from bottom to top. When the future of both bands was in question, Pig called upon bassist Matt Warhurst and drummer Shane Smith (who have both since joined the new lineup of SNFU) and quitarist lay Black to form SLAVECO. "I was kinda drawn to them," Pig says, "because they're young, spirited kids. I shouldn't say kids. [In fact, they're all in their mid- to late 20s.] They're quite new to this and they're really positive. They're not like jaded and burnt out and I wanted to experience that again. I also liked the way they sounded and the way they played. Moreso I like their attitude and their personalities. I'm not really ashamed, but I'm a fairly unique individual." (Here, Pig emits a playful chuckle.) "I don't get along with everybody, but I was able to get along with these people through music, so it works well."

They've been playing together for just over a year and have been recording an album which should be out sometime this year. It's a lively mix of genres and Pig seems to be enjoying being part of a band without the monumental history of SNFU. "SLAVECO, is fun," he says, "because no one expects anything and I feel very free. I sing in a more guttural kind of voice and the songs are more storyteller-like as opposed to some kind of moral message. The music isn't formatted to just one structure. SNFU is on hyperdrive the whole time whereas SLAVECO, is more exploratory. But it's fun for me because I can do whatever the hell I want, which is why I got into music in the first place." (PD)





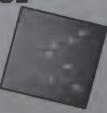
#### FOR THE WEEK ENDING APR 16. 2004

- 1. Sarah Harmer All Of Our Names (universal)
- 2. Modest Mouse Good News For People Who Love Bad News (epic)
- 3. Eric Clapton Me & Mr. Johnson (reprise)
- 4. Franz Ferdinand Franz Ferdinand (domino)
- 5. Blackie & The Rodeo Kings Bark (true north)
- 6. Blonde Redhead Misery Is A Butterfly (4ad)
- 7. Various The Ultimate Blues Collection (warner)
- 8. TV On The Radio Desperate Youth, Blood Thirsty Babes (touch & go)
- 9. Eric Bibb, Rory Block & Maria Muldaur -Sisters & Brothers (telarc)
- 10. The Von Bondies Pawn Shoppe Heart (sire)
- 11. David Byrne Grown Backwards (nonesuch)
- 12. In Flames Soundtrack To Your Escape (nuclear blast)
- 13. Madvillain Madvillainy (stones throw)
- 14. Mae Moore & Lester Quitzau Oh My! (plant & garden)
- 15. The George Bushes Handsome (riverdale)
- 16. The Postal Service Give up (sub pop)
- 17. Fractal Pattern No Hope But Mt. Hope (method)
- 18. The Flatlanders Wheels Of Fortune (new west)
- 19. Livin', Lovin', Losin' Songs Of The Lovin Brothers (universal)
- 20. No Depression What It Sounds Like Vol.1 (dualtone)
- 21. Sigur Ros Ba Ba Ti Ki Di Do (geffen)
- 22. Johnny Cash The Man Comes Around (american)
- 23. Corb Lund Band Modern Pain (corb lund)
- 24. Joel Kroeker Melodrama (true north)
- 25. Descendents Cool To Be You (fat)
- 26. Broken Social Scene Bee Hives (a&c)
- 27. The Casualties On The Front Line (sideonedummy)
- 28. Destroyer Your Blues (merge)
- 29. For You Tribute To Compromise (united edge)
- 30. Paul Kelly Ways & Means (true north)

MODEST MOUSE

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Nothing but good news here, folks! It's the new offering from Modest Mouse - We shouldn't even have to tell you how good it is... No, really: it's that good.



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## LIVE MUSIC

ATLANTIC TRAP AND CALL

THE BLIND PIG Patsy Amico and Brian Gregg (folk, blues, country and originals); 9pm BLUES ON WHYTE Pete

THANKE BESTALIBART

COOK COUNTY SALOON
Battle of the Bands: Sessions,
IDK, The Southside Riots; 9pm;
no cover

DUSTER'S Jam hosted by Brian Petch

(DOWNTOWN) Mo Lefever

1.J.'S Open stage with cover

Headspace NAKED CYBER CAFÉ Open

ORGANIC ROOTS MARKET

ercy Schmeiser pre-concert ith Bob Cook; 6-8pm RATTLESNAKE SALOON Alita

REXALL PLACE 50 Cent,

SHERLOCK HOLMES (DOWNTOWN) Tim Becker

SHERLOCK HOLMES (CAPILANO) Yves Lecroix SHERLOCK HOLMES (WEM)

SIDETRACK CAPÉ Waynefest Kick-off Party: The Doers, Mr. Plow, Meissa Majeau and the Muse, Brock Skywalker; 9pm; \$10 (door)

SUGARBOWL Jody Shenkarek, Gavin Dunn; 9:30 pm; \$5

URBAN LOUNGE Willisbong;

### GLASSICAL

CAFÉ SELECT Bonnie Gregory and Rob Taylor (Celtic harp and Rob Taylor (Celtic and quitar); 6:30-9pm

and guitar), 6:30-9pm WINSPAR CENTRE Sping Serender: Robbins Lighter Classics presented by the Edmonton Symphomy Conhestra featuring Yannick Nation Roseley (2001); 8pm; tickets start at \$20, student/senor discounts available, \$15 (student rush seating available) one hour avoilable, \$15 (student rush seating available) one hour available, \$15 (student rush seating available) one hour availab

#### OJ8

THE ARMOURY Lo Ball Night: top 40

BHLY BOB'S LOUNGE Big Mouth Entertainment

BLACK DOG FREEHOUSE Thump: intronica with the

ELEPHANT AND CASTLE ON WHYTE Sleeman Method Thursdays: hip hop, downtempo with DJ Headspin

VUEWEEKLY

FILTHY McNASTY'S Punk Rock Bingo: with DJ S.W.A.G.

Nights; free dance lessons 8-9:30pm

RENDEZVOUS Metal Night: with DI McNasty

THE STANDARD Boy George, Mark Vedo, Luke Morrison; 9pm (door); no minors event; \$25 (door)/\$20 (adv); tickets available at TicketMaster, The Standard, Foosh, Underground, Colourblind

VELVET LOUNGE Urban Substance: hip hop/R&B end of exams jam with Spincycle, Invinceable, J-Money, Sean 8

YOUR APARTMENT Thursday Night Shake Down: Motown, northern soul, funk, '60s pop with DIs Travyd and Alex Zwolf

ATLANTIC TRAP AND GILL
Three Drops of Pure

BLUES ON WHYTE Pete

CASINO (EDMONTON) VIP

CASINO (YELLOWHEAD)
Souled Out (pop/rock)

CHANCE RESTAURANT Andrew Glover Trio: 4-7pm

EXPRESSIONZ CAFÉ Open stage hosted by Craig Shafer;

4-11pm

**GUILTY MARTINI** Latin

HONEST MUR'S Patsy Amico and Brian Gregg (folk, blues, country and originals); 9:30pm J.J.'S Liver Pool (rock)

KINGSKNIGHT PUB Crush

PEPPERS Mourning Wood THE PUB Eric Martin

GAS PUMP Ladies Nite: Top 40/dance with DJ Christian

GULTY MARTINI Phoenix Thursdays: House with Big Daddy, Trapz and guests

Rub-A-Dub Thursday: rock-steady, dub reggae with DJ Jeebus and the Operation Redication Sound System

NEW CITY SUBDIES Progress: electro/new wave with DI Miss Mannered and

RATTLESNAKE SALOON DI

THE ROOST Rotating shows: Ladonna's Review, Sticky's open stage and the Weakest Link game with DJ Jazzy sec-ond and last Thursday; \$1 (member)/\$4 (non-member)

RUM Urban Substance: Urban with Invinceable, Spincycle, Echo, Shortround, MC J-Money

SAVOY Funk w/Bob Trampoline and Ben

STARS NIGHTCLUB Main Room: Slam on the Breaks Jimijames and Deadly

LIVE MUSIC

FATBOYZ Mr. Lucky (blues/roots); 9:30pm-1:30am, (blues/roon no cover

(DOWNTOWN) Don Bradshaw's Big Idea

HIGHRUN Ten Inch Men

JEFFREYS CAFÉ AND WINI BAR Affie Zappacosta, Jack Semple, Andrew Glover (unplugged); 8:30pm; \$5

NEW CITY LIKWID LOUNGE UK Subs, Billy and the Lost Boys, SlaveCo, AB Irato

ST. BASIL'S CULTURAL CENTRE Kieran Kane and Kevin Welch, presented by the Full Moon Folk Club; sold out

(CAPILANO) Yves Lecroix

SHERLOCK HOLMES (WEM)

SIDETRACK CAPÉ Bobby Cameron, Sinclair; 9pm; \$10; URBAN LOUNGE Ozzy Ozmunds: \$5

WESTIN HOTEL iBombal

YARDBIRD SUITE Thom Golub's Alterations Band; 8pm (door), 9pm (show); \$6 (member)/\$10 (guest); tickets available at TicketMaster 451-8000

ZENARI'S Dino Dominelli

#### CLASSICAL

ALE SAINTS AMGERCAN CATHEDRAL Music for the CATHEDRAL Music for the Soul: Greenwood Singers fea-turing Robert de Frece (con-ductor), Helen Stuart (accom-panist): 8pm; \$16 (adult)/\$14 (student/senior); tickets avail-able at TIX on the Square 420-1757

CONVOCATION HALL Boris Konovalov (piano); 8pm; \$20 (adult)/\$15 (student/senior); tuckets available at TIX on the Square 420-1757

Square 420-1757
PROVINCIAL MUSEUM THEATRE Rajeev Taranath accompanied by Abhiman Kaushal
(tabla), presented by
Edmonton Raga-Mala Music
Society, 7:30pm; \$15
(adult) \$12 (member/senior,
student); tückets available at
TIX on the Square 420-1757

012

THE ARMOURY Top

BILLY BOB'S LOUNGE Big Mouth Entertainment BOOTS Retro Disco: retro

BUDDY'S NIGHTCLUB Top CAFÉ SELECT Dis Slacks and

CALIENTE NIGHTCLUB Urban with Invinceable, Q.B.

COWBOYS Ladies Night: top

CRISTAL LOUNGE Affaire Illicite: industrial noise, nec classical with Verlaag and Xerxes DANTE'S WORLD PUB Powerhouse Fridays: dance and retro with Zack and Johnny Staub (Power 92); Upstairs in the Skylounge: soulful house music; over 23;

**DECADANCE** Get Out of the Box: house with Avrum Gold, Brisco Wells and guests

DONNA Silk: house with Winston Roberts and quests

ESCAPE Freedom Fridays: house, Euro house, club anthems with The Peoples DJ FILTHY McNASTY'S Shake Yo' Ass: with DJ Serial K THE FOX Top 40 retro dance

CLIEBTY MARTINE Diva Night MASO The Mod Club

IRON HORSE Urban Dance Party with DJ Loose Cannon THE JOINT Fresh Fridays:

Fridays: hip hop/R&B with DJ Mad Noise

GRILL DJ Shawn Z GRILL Music with DJ Will Hill;

RATTLESNAKE SALOON DI

THE ROOST Upstairs: Euro Blitz: best new European music with DJ Outtawak, DJ Jazzy and male stripper; Downstairs: female stripper; \$4 (member)/\$6 (non-mem-

ROXY ON WHYTE Babylon Fridays: retro/R&B/dance with DI Extreme

SAVOY Eclectronica with DJs

THE STANDARD Triple X Fridays: top 40/dance THEATRE The Surviving Spirit: iHuman Hip Hop Performance; 7:30pm; free

STARS NIGHTCLUB Main Floor: Live Music Night with Brian; 10pm (door)

STONEHOUSE PUB Alternative, house, hip hop, top 40 with DJ Rage and DJ Weezle; 9pm

SUGARBOWI. Listen: ambi-ent/IDM/electronica by Ariel

Y AFTERHOURS House/break-beat with Tnpswitch, Sureshock, MC Flopro, LP, Juicy, Dragon, Old Bitch YOUR APARTMENT House with DJ Tomek

## LIVE MUSIC

ARDEN THEATRE Nnenna Freelon; 7:30pm; \$39.50; trckets available at the Arden box office 459-1542, TicketMaster 451-8000

ATLANTIC TRAP AND GILL Three Drops of Pure

BLACK DOG Hair of the Dog: 4-6pm THE BLIND PIG Open Stage;

BLUES ON WHYTE Pete CASINO (EDMONTON) VIP (pop/rock)

CASINO (YELLOWHEAD) Souled Out (pop/rock) DRUID Harpdog Brown; 3-

FESTIVAL PLACE Long John Baldry; \$24 (cabaret seating)/\$22 (theatre seating); 7:30pm

HIGHRUN Ten Inch Men

J.J.'S A Last Minute Attempt, Liver Pool (rock)

JEFFREYS CAFÉ AND WINE BAR Rollanda Lee Dixieland jazz; 8pm; no cover KINGSKNIGHT PUB Crush O'BYRNE'S Chris Wynters and Scott Peters; 3-6pm;

POWER PLANT Blind Date 2, Nothing At All, Cassidy After-THE PUB Enc Martin RATTLESNAKE SALOON Alita 'n' Steel Horse

RED'S Chunk, Blind and To 8pm (door); \$5 (adv)/\$7 (door); tickets available at

TicketMaster, Red's

RENDEZVOUS Cloned, The

(CAPILANO) Yves Lecroix SHERLOCK HOLMES (WEM)

SIDETRACK CAFÉ Dan Bem, Jen Kraatz; 9pm; \$15 (adv); Sunday afternoon with Ben Sures

TANTRA LOUNGE Brett Miles

URBAN LOUNGE Ozzy Ozmunds; \$5 WESTIN HOTEL Night of Artists Arts Sale/Show and Cocktail Party: Craig Schaefer, Wendy MacNelli, Dale Ladouceur and Masacote; \$25 (adv)/\$30 (door); tickets available at TIX on the Square 420-1757

YARDBIRD SUITE Chris Andrew Trio (CD release celebration); 8pm (door), 9pm (show); \$5 (member)/\$9 (guest); tickets available at TicketMaster 451-8000

#### CLASSIGAL

COLLEGE Symphory Orchestra and Community Chorus, Frank Dunion, Frank Dunio, Frank Dunio, Conductor), Bianca Baciu (plano), presented by the Concordia School of Muss; 7:30pm \$10 and \$8; tickets available at Concordia box office 479-9313, door

CHURCH A Spang Opus: Ariose Women's Choir, 8pm; 512 (adult)/\$10 (student/senior); tickets available at TIX on the Square 420-1757

MUTTART HALL Opera Hors d'Oeuvres: Alberta College Conservatory of Music; 8pm; \$15 (adult/senior)/\$10 (student); tickets available at TIX on the Square 420-1757

WINSPEAR CENTRE A Sea WINDSPEAR CLEVING A 1850 Symphony/The Spulphron Julie Richard Eaton Singers Vancouver Bach Choir, the Edmontion Symphony. Orchestra Featuring Lonard Ratidalf (conductor), where the section of the Conductor) of the Conductor Charles Charles (Carton), Maryem Tollar (Middle Eastern Solisit), Born; tickets available at TIX on the Square 420–1757, Winspear Centre 428-1414

DJ2 THE ARMOURY Top 40,

BACKROOM VODKA BAR Flava: hip hop with Shortround and Echo

BILLY BOB'S LOUNGE BIG Mouth Entertainment BLACK DOG FREEHOUSE Brendan's Sausage Party: obscure indie rock with DJ Ballhog

**BOOTS** Flashback Saturdays retro dance, house with Derrick

DANTE'S WORLD PUB R&B, dance, and retro with Frank the Tank; Upstairs in the Skylounge: soulful house; over 23; dress code

DECADANCE Soul Heaven: house with Tripswitch, Swee T-Bass, Alvaro, Fernme Funk, Rezidnt Funk

**DONNA** Deep lounge hous with Sam Pillar, Bryan Beca and quests



ESCAPE Evolution Saturdays FILTHY McNASTY'S Shake

THE FOX Top 40 retro dance

GAS PUMP Top 40/dance with DJ Christian

GUILTY MARTINI Guilty IRON HORSE Urban dance party with DJ 420

THE JOHNT Get a Nightlife: MANHATTAN CLUB Sinful

NEWCASTLE PUR THEI

RATTLESNAKE SALOON DE

ROXY ON WHYTE Session Saturday: dance/R&B, hip hop with OJ Extreme

SAVOY Deep house with

STONEHOUSE PUB Top 40 with DJ Clay

TONIC AFTER DARK Uncensored Saturdays: R&B, hip hop, old school with Urban Metropolis Sound Crew

Y AFTERHOURS Hatiras (Toronto), Darcy Klein, Donovan, DJ Juicy, Luke Morrison, DJ Ryan Wade

YOUR APARTMENT Nordic Foundations: DJ Dennis Zaz and Rackman Powers

LIVE MUSIC

A STARS Upper Room: Los

Reclaim: 9pm-midnight; no

NEW CITY SUBURBS Saturdays S.U.C.K.: punk/alt/pop/dance with Blue Jay and Nikrofeelya SHERLOCK HOLMES (WEM)

SIDETRACK CAFÉ Under the Covers Sundays: Tailspin, Dj Dudeman; 9pm; \$6

(DOWNTOWN) Tim Becker

BLUES ON WHYTE King Muskafa

ECCO PUB Open jam sessio hosted by imaginary Friend (blues, roots); 4-8pm

RED'S Pixies; sold out RSTCHSE UNITED CHURCH Jazz and Reflections PJ Perry Trio; 3:30-5pm

O'BYRNE'S joe Bird's Irie jam; 9:30pm

WESTIN HOTEL Night of Artists-Roots Cofé: Featuring Anna Sommerville, Karla Anderson, Terry McDade, and Pierian Spring; 2-5pm; \$12 (adv)/\$15 (door); tickets available at TIX on the Square 420-1757

#### CLASSICAL

CONVOCATION HALL featuring the Bergmann Duo; 3pm; \$10; tickets available at TIX on the Square 420-1757

CROWNE PLAZA CHATEAU LACOMBE Opera Brunch: South Pacific; 11am (brunch), 12pm (performance)

UNITED CHURCH Cantilon Children's Choirs; 10:30am-noon; 732-1262

SELECT Thomas Mead (lute); 5:30-9pm

winspear centrie Sundays at 3-French floir with Veronique Le Guen (Davis organ); 3pm; \$19; tickets available in at TIX on the Square 420-1757

BUS

CALIENTE NIGHT CLUB

DECADANCE Worship Sundays: mixed with Big Daddy, DTDR and guests; 10am-close

Campus, 73 St, south of 112 Ave, 479-9313

CONVOCATION HALL U of A Campus, 420-1757

COOK COUNTY SALOON 8010 Gateway 8lvd, 432-2665

COWBOYS 10102-180 St, 481-8739

CRISTAL LOUNGE 10336 Jasper Ave, 426-7521

CROWNE PLAZA CHATEAU LACOMBE 10111 Bellamy Hill Alberta Ballroom.

NEW CITY LIKWID LOUNGE Atmosphere: funk, rare groove hip hop with Dj Cool Curt

THE ROOST Betty Ford Hangover Clinic Show Beer Bash: every long weekend wi DJ Jazzy; \$2

SAVOY French Pop: mixed with Deja Dj

LIVE MUSIC

THE BLIND PIG Open stage jam with The River City Rhythm Kings; 7-11pm; no

Mondays: Jam with Tim Lee and the Revelators, The

L.B.'S Open stage with Randy Martin; 9pm-Zam

(DOWNTOWN) Dave Hiebert Sam August

SIDETRACK CAFÉ Open stage Mondays: Ben Spencer; 9pm; no cover

STARLITE ROOM Fozzy with

DJS

DUSTER'S DI Dan FILTHY McNASTY'S Meta Mondays: with DJ S.W.A.G.

LIVE MUSIC

THE BLIND PIG Patrick Sean Earl: 7pm: no cover

BLUES ON WHYTE Harpdog Brown and the Bloodhounds DRUID Open stage with Chris

NIACH BOX FINEFICELL BUDDY'S NIGHTCLUB Top

BILLY BOB'S LOUNGE Karaoke and DJ Tues with Ru Riot Professional Music

LEGENDS Open jam hosted by Gary Thomas

INDITION HOUMES I WEM!

SIDETRACK CAFE The Pocket Dwellers, Bebop Cortez, Ember Swift, 10pm, \$10

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O'BYRNE'S Chris Wynters and friends 9:30nm

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HALL Little Flower open stage hosted by Brian Gregg; 8pm

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Schmeiser vs. Monsanto Benefit: Bob Cook Band, The George Bushes, Dale Ladoceur, 9pm; \$10

URBAN LOUNGE Clayton Bellamy; \$5

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VUEWEEKLY

25

APRIL 15-21, 2004



#### BY JENNY FENIAK

#### Seed money

Bob Cook and the Unherd-of . Percy Schmeiser vs. Monsanto Benefit Concert . With the George Bushes and Dale Ladouceur and the Broke Ensemble • Sidetrack Café • Wed, Apr 21 Bob Cook is an amazing fellow and we can be thankful the Vancouver native chose Edmonton as his new home nearly three years ago.

Not only does he produce a constant supply of quirky, spirited music which he calls "bomp 'n' roll," but he also keeps his eyes on the world around him rather than just his own personal little sphere.

Cook credits the songs of Bob Dylan with spurring him to become a writer and helping him find his voice. "I've written a number of songs that are a bit more pointed, I've also written a lot of fun and sillier things as well as a lot of deeper, more spiritual kind of things," Cook says over the phone from his home, where he's keeping an eye on his new baby. "To put ideas out through song is the most powerful means as far as I've ever known and I think all through history it's been that way."

While he isn't traveling around the country with his songs, Cook has been spending his home time recording his sev-

enth CD with the Unherd-of's current lineup of Dave Farhall, Chris Durand and Pascal Lecours. He'll be playing the upcoming show at the Sidetrack with the guys, but he's also running around on his own this week, raising funds and awareness for a greater cause.

Although he says he's never been a traditional sort of activist, Cook picked up a copy of Common Ground magazine back in January and became inspired by the case of Percy Schmeiser, the 73-yearold Saskatchewan farmer who was taken to court in 1998 by the multinational bio-technology firm Monsanto after they found their patented GM (genetically modified) canola seed growing in his roadside ditch. Schmeiser and his wife are third-generation canola farmers who've spent the last 50 years developing and saving canola seed suitable to prairie conditions and resistant to common diseases. But even though Monsanto withdrew all allegations that the Schmeisers obtained and used their seed without license, and even though the federal court judge acknowledged natural causes such as cross pollination and direct seed movement (wind, birds, bees) could have accounted for Monsan-



to's seed ending up on Schmeiser's property, Schmeiser was still found guilty of patent violation. Not only did Schmeiser lose his crop that year, but he was also ordered to surrender all his organic research seeds and plants to

Monsanto-which meant he could never grow his own canola again.

The case raises many complicated legal and philosophical issues, but the biggest question is whether DNA can be patented and owned. The government of Canada has supported Monsanto's research and development and is now leaving the controversy up to the courts. Meanwhile, after spending another year in the Federal Court of Appeals where three more judges upheld the original ruling, the Supreme Court of Canada agreed to hear the case, which began in January 2004. A ruling is still pending.

"I had the voice in my head for a while and it just didn't really want to let go," says Cook, who quickly hatched the idea of holding a benefit concert to help defray Schmeiser's enormous legal fees (which now exceed \$300,000). "So I approached the Sidetrack and they gave me a date

to go ahead.... The precedent set. right now will have huge implications even in the next five to 10 years because all these biotech companies are going after DNA. I mean, it's a huge hunt to find the DNAs of certain things, isolate them and patent them as quickly as possible There's a race right now-it's like a gold rush. It's unbelievable and it's happening without us knowing about it."

Unfortunately, Schmeiser's case seems to be better known around the world than it is in Canada, Although he'll try to make an appearance at the Sidetrack, Schmeiser's flying in from Italy the night before where he's speaking about the case. He's travelled the world over the last few years as attention on his case has grown. Cook has tried to do his part as well to get the word

out about Schmeiser's struggle, and has posted links on his website (www.bobcook.ca) to a variety of references and resources including the Common Ground article that inspired him in the first place. O

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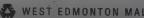






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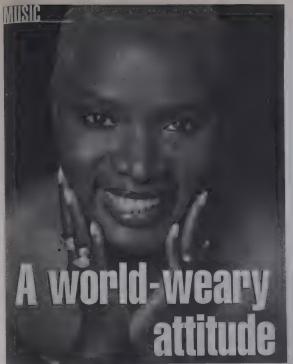


WEST EDMONTON MALL

DON'T MISS THE FILMING OF EDMONTONS FIRST REALITY BASED PILOT. TUESDAY, MAY 4, 2004 To all you fans out there of independent music this is your chance to put the Alberta Music scene on the map. For more information go to reds.ab.ca or call (780)481-6420 Ext. 294.







Angelique Kidjo's music breaks down national borders, but don't call it "world"

BY JERED STUFFCO

dmittedly, when it comes to "world" music, a lot of people (myself included) are blissfully ignorant about what it's all about. indeed, beyond namedropping Peter Gabriel's RealWorld label, hating on later-period Sting and zoning out to the occasional Youssou N'Dour track while sipping a latte at Starbucks, I'm about as well-versed in world music as the bin Laden family is with grindcore. That's okay, though-you don't have to be a musicologist to dig Angelique Kidjo. Seriously, rock her 1998 album Oremi at your next house party and just watch the joint erupt into a giant slow jam. In fact, though she's very much considered a leading light in the "world" scene, the Benin born, Paris-based Kidjo isn't particularly enamoured with the term.

"I don't know what world music means," maintains Kidjo over a crackling cellphone from her Paris HQ. "To me, all music is music of the world. To call something world is to reduce it just because someone might be singing in another language. Truly though, I don't care."

Certainly, it's Kidjo's reluctance to label herself and her music that's enabled her to enjoy such a long and varied career. Originally kicking things off with the self-produced album *Pretty* in her native Benin during the late 1980s, Kidjo eventually relocated to Paris to break free of her home country's increasingly oppressive political environment. Since

then, she's dabbled in hip hop, jazz and funk, worked with experimental producers like Bill Laswell and even shared the mic with frat-rock idol Dave Matthews for a duet on her 2002 LP Blue Ivory Soul. Clearly, Kidjo's music knows no borders. In fact, when world music critics derided her mid-'90s output for being too "pop," Kidjo went on record as say-

### **INTERNATIONAL**

ing, "I won't do my music different to please some people. I'm not going to play traditional drums and dress like bush people. I don't tell Americans to play country music."

Spunky, confident and willing to

experiment, Kidjo once again puts her self-styled approach to good use on her eighth and latest LP, Oyaya! Inspired by a trip to Cuba, the record marks the culmination of a musical trilogy that began with Oremi. Intended as a three-part exploration of the stylistic connections between traditional African music and its contemporary western offspring, Oremi! dabbled in R&B and was highlighted by Kidjo covering her idol limi Hendrix. The follow-up (2002's excellent Black Ivory Soul) gave Brazilian music the same treatment, and this time around, Kidjo explores the rich musical heritage of the Caribbean.

THE SINGER LEAVES NO Caribbean stone unturned, slamming out everything from a rowdy Puerto Rican bomba on "Seyin Djro" to a sexy, slow duet with French-Caribbean jazz master Henri Salvador on the dreamy ballad "Le Monde Comme un Bébé." There's even a ska track on the record and Kidjo belts out tunes in at least four languages. However, even all the different flavours and a lyric sheet that could double as a Swiss instruction manual, Kidjo claims it wasn't difficult to decide what was going to fit where. "The language thing never really came up during the making of the album," she says. "If a song came to me in French, then I'd sing it in French. It was just about following my inspiration.

Undoubtedly, Kidjo believes in the unifying power of music. "We always like to categorize thousands of different things," she says, "and we decide what belongs in each group and what doesn't. Why can't we just have one chart and categorize it all as just music?

"I'm always interested in the music I love, first and foremost," she continues. "If I love it, then there will be others that love it, too. But if your only motivation is to do something for money, then it's not going to work. You have to be truthful."

. ANGELIQUE KIDJO Winspear Centre • Thu, Apr 22





www.sidetrackcafe.com



street vision

#### BY SEAN AUSTIN-JOYNER

#### **Tuff customers**

We're a lucky bunch, aren't we? I mean, usually at this time of the year I'm hunched over a Very Berry smoothie at Booster Juice mumbling about the lack of hip-hop shows that roll through Edmonton, vigourously scouring the pages of weekly papers in search of something—anything—to do that night. But not this year. This year, I'm multi-tasking (a skill I learned playing Legend of Zelda when I was younger), effective-

ly managing my time and trying to take in everything our city has to offer.

It's a beautiful thing, not being forced to attend a specific show just to lend support. It's refreshing to have the option to choose between numerous events within the same month... or so you'd think. While promoters like Definiti and Urban Metropolis are sure to make a killing throughout April, there's a definite backlash being felt by smaller organizations. Sadly, it's those small promotions that have the potential to do the most good for the city.

On the cusp of March and April, Tuff House Records held Tuff Fest, a three-day summit aimed at bringing some direction, attention and foundation to local hip-hop acts. Its kickoff included a panel discussion featuring speakers from Universal Music, the Alberta Recording Industries Association, TV outlets, record labels, concert promoters, studios, local stores and anyone else with a point of view. It was truly a noble effort by organizer Orville

Green, and everyone who attended the forum walked away with a few pointers to improve their own efforts as well as the city's progression—everyone, all 20 of them.

Of course, the promotion can only be partly to blame for the lacklustre turnout. How can an indie promoter possibly compete with the hype of Black Eyed Peas, 50 Cent or George Clinton? Not only was Green charging money for many of the Tuff Fest festivities, but he was also holding the event the same week that Edmonton was flooded with Juno-happy pseudo-celebrities.

That said, the panel discussion was free. There was really no excuse for absence. At least the acts scheduled to perform during Tuff Fest should've found the time to show up, but I'm sure that's falling on deaf ears as well.

Speaking of the Junos, were you aware that there was an "urban music showcase" at Red's on Saturday, April 3? It was covered in all the print media and a significant flyer/poster campaign

was waged throughout the city. People with a JunoFest wristband could get in at no charge, and it featured performances by Juno nominee Blessed, Grammy nominee Fresh IE and Juno winner (for R&B/Soul Recording of the Year) In Essence as well as a gaggle of local talent.

The 150-odd people in attendance—mostly industry insiders and other performers—got their dollar's worth, but where were the public masses? Where were the 1,200 others who sold out the Black Eyed Peas show within two days? Where were the

8,000 people who bought advance tickets to see 50 Cent and David Banner at Rexall Place?

There are two possible answers. Either they were sitting at home watching Undergrads, completely oblivious to the fact that there are hundreds of performances going on during Juno weekend, waiting to make their grand entrances at their regular clubs so they can get the bartender to keep filling their empty Heineken bottle with water. (Yes, I've seen it happen.) Or they were simply tapped out, their bank accounts already drained from the dozen or so higher-profile shows taking place this month.

My point is this: after 50 Cent cashes out, after Kool Keith hops back

50 Cent

on his spaceship and after the Black Eyed Peas "crossover" back to the U.S. where does our local scene stand? We've already proven that we generally don't want to put any effort into the scene's progression. Nor do we seem to care about homegrown talent. But rest assured, the next time we have a dry spell-maybe a month or two without any decent shows-those same people who missed Darkson Tribe's performance at New City on April 9, those who flaked out on the Galaxie Urban Music Showcase at Red's or opted not to attend a free discussion panel will be the first to bitch about how wack Edmonton truly is.

At least the forthcoming "urban" radio station has its work cut out for it.







classical notes

BY ALLISON KYDD

#### The persistence of memory

Newspaper columnists feel lucky if their audience remembers them until the next issue, whether that follows a day or a week later. The same is true of musical performances. They are over so quickly, and even when the performance is fine and the audience gives it their careful attention, the experience seldom lasts much longer than the applause following the last note. Even the congratulations of admirers and friends, the joility of receptions and parties, the relief mixed with joy and regret, is kind of anticlimactic.

Several recent performances deserve more than a brief mention before they slip away. Bach's Johannes Passion brought a capacity audience at Holy Trinity Anglican Church to its feet on April 4 and earned conductor John Brough, the choir, the orchestra and principals Timothy Shantz, Paul Grindlay, Jolaine Kerley, Andrew Pickett and Robert King several curtain calls. (Or it would have, had there been curtains—

the concert was in the sanctuary, where audience and orchestra were close enough to touch.)

Within a few days, however, this fine production and Brough's final concert requirement for his Doctor of Music degree in choral conducting was superseded by Pro Coro Canada's Good Friday production of Ivan Moody's Passion and Resurrection at the Winspear Centre. Moody's work, though contemporary (it dates from 1992), follows the pattern of traditional Orthodox worship in telling the Easter story. The choir had a supportive role while the cantor told the story. A Greek Orthodox friend of mine was watching the audience reaction throughout. "I think they were restless and wondering 'When is the choir going to sing?" she said.

We agreed that tenor Timothy Shantz was convincing in the arduous role of cantor. "A very good cantor," my friend added ruefully. In ordinary church services, cantors can be hard on the ears, but Shantz managed to communicate warmth and meaning while intoning the simple, beautiful lines. The mediumrange tessitura was also a better fit for his voice than the higher Bach setting.

Speaking of high and low notes, the Mother of God lines sung by Jolaine Kerley, though brief, floated "higher than the heavens," then became mortal and emotional in some of the work's most beautiful moments as she grieves for her child, her beloved. Paul Grindlay, as Jesus, forcefully delivered lines that would have bottomed out most registers. The most dramatic moment

in the work came after his "It is finished." Until then, double bassist Jan Urke and cellist Colin Ryan had maintained a steady drone. The moment of silence was mesmerizing.

Though the audience will likely member the Moody work the longest, the first half of the concert was exceptional as well. Organist Jeremy Spurgeon performed two intoxicating works by Olivier Messiaen that alternated between heady and violent and solemn and tender while undulating lights lit up the organ pipes. Between these organ bookends—justification for the Davis Concert Organ if there ever was one—the choir sang "O sacrum convivium," also by Messiaen.

But even these memories will fade, as there's more music to come. The Music Wednesdays at Noon series at McDougall finished its 25th season with a flourish, as flutist Harlan Green and pianist Roxanne Classen drew a standing room only crowd for a concert that included three premieres by local composers George Andrix and Roger Deegan. The CBC production Wednesdays at Winspear continues the noon-hour tradition through April, however, and offers its own set of premieres. Coming up on Wednesday is Joseph Lai's Pastiches, written for this concert. Lai describes the work alternatively as "five parodies for alto sax and piano" and "six homages to favourite composers: Ravel, Debussy, Stravinsky, Rachmaninoff, Shostakovich and Gershwin." Performing with him is Charles Stolte, known for his own playful compositions featuring such special effects as tongue slaps. @









# top 10 cd's

- 1) CLAPTON, ERIC ME & MR. JOHNSON
- 2) GUNS N' ROSES GREATEST HITS
- 3) AEROSMITH
  HONKIN' ON BOBO
- 4) MODEST MOUSE GOOD NEWS FOR PEOPLE WHO LOVE
- 5) JONES, NORAH FEELS LIKE HOME
- 6) USHER
  CONFESSIONS
- 7) HARMER, SARAH
  ALL OF OUR NAMES
- 8) BLACK EYED PEAS

ELEPHUNK

- 9) V/A-CONT JUNO AWARDS 2004
- 10) ROBERTS, SAM WE WERE BORN IN A FLAME



- 1) MATRIX: REVOLUTIONS (Widescreen)
- 2) TRAILER PARK BOYS: SEASON 3
- 3) PINK PANTHER COLLECTION (6DVDS)
- 4) FRIENDS:
- SEASON 7 (4DVD) 5) BROTHER BEAR
- (2 DVD)
  6) CHEAPER BY THE
  DOZEN (2003)
- 7) SOMETHING'S GOT TO GIVE
- 8) TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE (LTD ED)
- 9) IN LIVING COLOR:
- SEASON 1 10) WEEZER:
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## NEW SOUNDS

BIGGA BUSH FREE (STEREO DELUXE)

With Rockers Hi Fi idle, Glen "Bigga" Bush was left to ply his big basslines and chunky breakbeats on his own. Drawing from influences as diverse as Ella Fitzgerald and Ennio Morricone and musical styles from dub to Brazilified rhythms, Bush's material isn't just wide-ranging; it's sort of weird, too. And it's his capacity to shift gears so quickly and effectively that makes Biggo Bush Free so engaging.

With a cache of cutesy, descending xylophone melodies, tracks like "Outernational Anthem" fuse Latin influenced jazz and dancehall reggae into something all its own. Interrupting that natural flow is the robotic and spacy electro of "Acid Fly," complete with a crackling old-school Star Trek phaser sample. That dirty vibe continues through "Deep Eastwood," a cinematic, percussionladen homage to master composer Morricone. Bush's big bad bass takes over on more low-key tunes like "Sole Sister" and "Mouseflex" and he gets more atmospheric on "Bigga Beat Box." Rounded out by vocal support from Sofia Thom on the plucky and jazzy "This River," it's an album with main room, chill room and living room all in mind. \*\* \*\* -YURI WUENSCH

BOD DYLAN
LIVE 1964
(CONCERT AT PHILHARMONIC HALL)
(COLUMBIA/LEGACY)

"I'm wearing my Bob Dylan mask," jokes Bob Dylan at one point during his Halloween-night 1964 concert at Philharmonic Hall, newly issued by Columbia Records as Volume 6 in their "Bootleg Series" of key live Dylan performances. But the fresh-faced, 23year-old Dylan we hear on this wonderful double-disc set is Dylan at his most accessible, his least bitter, his most boyishly charismatic, his least inscrutable, his most unmasked. It's Dylan a few months after Another Side of Bob Dylan and a few months before Don't Look Back-a time when the hardcore folkies in the audience were still mostly on his side, "It's Alright, Ma (I'm Only Bleeding)" was so new he was still calling it "It's Alright, Ma, It's Life and Life Only" and "Gates of Eden" could be cheekily introduced as

"A Sacrilegious Lullaby in D-Minor."

Aside from those new tunes, it's obvious that everyone in Philharmonic Hall that night already knew the material by heart-which is a good thing, since Dylan, in one of the disc's most likable moments, blanks on the opening line to "I Don't Believe You (She Acts Like We Never Have Met)" and bashfully asks the crowd to refresh his memory. The mutual affection between Dylan and the crowd is palpable, not just in the laughter you hear during comic numbers like "Talkin' John Birch Paranoid Blues" and "Talkin' World War III Blues" but the hush that falls over the half when Dylan gets going on dense epics like "Gates of Eden" or "A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall." I could do without the duets Dylan performs late in the concert with Joan Baez-she really drags down his energy on earnest, obvious numbers like "With



God on Our Side"—but otherwise, *Live* 1964 is a perfectly timed reminder that Dylan wasn't always the corpselike troubadour you can now see leering at lingerie models on those creepy TV commercials. He actually used to be cute! \*\*\*\* —PAUL MATWYCHUK

#### ELF POWER WALKING WITH THE BEGGAR BOYS

(ORANGE TWIN)

For about a decade, Elf Power has been one of the granola set's cult acts of choice. Despite an ever-revolving lineup, the Athens, Georgia group has managed to inject just enough rock into their country/roots sound to earn comparisons to the likes of early R.E.M. and modern-day Wilco.

The band's latest effort, though, places the emphasis far more on rock than country; even though the title track features a guest vocal from Vic Chesnutt and tells a rather dour tale of poor Polish children, it features a southern boogie back-end that would make Lynyrd Skynyrd proud. Yes, Elf Power is still an awfully serious band: "Never Believe" and "Invisible Men" sees the band attacking its favourite conservative targets, from ad men to the media, but it's all done in a boogie style that'd make you think you'd stumbled onto a '70s southern-rock revival rather than anything that could ever be categorized as "alt-country."

If "Heavy Metal Drummer" is your favourite Wilco song, if you think that nothing R.E.M. has done in 20 years can ever compare to "Radio Free Europe" or if you rate the Old 97's as



one of your favourite bands, then do your best to hunt down this disc.

★★★ ——STEVEN SANDOR

SOULFLY
PROPHECY
(ROADRUNNER/UNIVERSAL)

If there is an album that will shake the nemetal world in 2004, it's Soulfly's latest. Fans of deep-throated, low-tuned guitar rock won't be shocked because the band, inspired by their time spent recording in Serbia, has decided to tone down the Latin influence on their music (although they have)—no, the shock is the major gear change in their entire philosophy.

For the most part, the samba percussion that acted as the foundation for the Brazilian/American act has been replaced by a distinctly Byzantine flavour; local musicians have brought Balkan elements to augment the band's punishing guitar style. But anything the band does musically on this record takes a back seat to the lyrics. Soulfly, a band that once opened for Slayer, has gone Christian metal. It's hard to find a song on Prophecy that doesn't glorify God, praise angels or call for a new age of Christianity. "I Believe" is singer Max Cavalera's declaration of faith-"You can't kill faith, you can't kill God," he screams. On "Moses," Cavalera prays for a new spiritual leader and on "Wings," he declares that angels are protecting the righteous.

Yes, all things Christian are awful hot right now. But Soulfly is asking a lot of their fans with *Prophecy*, and the











jury is out on whether the world is ready for a nü-metal Stryper. \* -STEVEN SANDOR

SIXTOO CHEWING ON GLASS AND OTHER MIRACLE CURES (NINIA TUNE)

Prolific Anticon vet, Halifax hip-hop refugee and now Montreal-dweller Sixtoo has rolled out yet another dark, moody and instrumental-heavy hip-hop-minded album. While this may not sound that different from earlier work like Duration or Antagomst Survival Kit, Sixtoo has a card up his sleeve on this one: this time, the samples are live.

Working with the likes of Norsola and Thierry of Godspeed You! Black Emperor and Damo Suzuki, Sixtoo has discovered how sweet organic instrumentation can be. The sinister sounds of Chewing on Glass feel almost like a

film noir soundtrack crossed with electronic music—the accompaniment to some unreleased dystopian cyberpunk feature. Even the guitar in "Chainsaw Buffet" is transformed into a dark, strumming sound set against a subdued beat and punctuated by drums. It's easy to forget that every instrument in this warped soundscape is sampled.

The few lyrics on the disc keep up the dark imagery, but the music is really the focus of this release. While Chewing on Glass might move Sixtoo away from the performer's spotlight and into a shadowier role as the surgical producer, slicing and dicing sounds into place, it's a part he was born to play. \*\* A - JAMES ELFORD

**VARIOUS ARTISTS** TREE OF SATTA: VOLUME 1 (BLOOD AND FIRE)

Anyone who's ever said electronic music is too repetitive will be right on

the money with the dub instrumentals on Tree of Satta. Volume 1 Aside from cosmetic tweaks, everything on the latest from Blood and Fire uses the same lazy beat and sad saxophone sample from the Abyssinians' 1969 reggae anthem "Satta Massa Gana," which kicks off this compilation of tributes from some of reggae's best. It's the variety of vocal riffs that keeps the whole thing fresh.

Like a non-cheesy version of Shaggy, Anthony B lends a Rastafarian styling to the tune on "Good and Bad." Bernard Collins's bluesy delivery is a great complement to the lyrics about disease, slavery and black-onblack violence on "Satta Me/No Born Yah" and his more upbeat take on "Satta Don." A reggae who's who fills out the remainder with work from Lloyd Charmers Prince Far I, Channel One's Dillinger, Tony Tuff and more. Tree of Satta's roots definitely run deep.

\*\*\* —YURI WUENSCH

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#### BY WHITEY AND T.B. PLAYER

All My Real Friends (Roadrunner)

The guitars are huge, the vocals are bread-rock-tastic and we were unable to endure a single song past the 30-second mark. I mean, jeez, how many Nickelback clones does Canada need? I wish I could go back in time and explain to Eddie Vedder what he was starting. He seems like a sensible guy, and maybe he would have stuck with surfing. Or I could have punched him in throat. Whatever.

Make Yourself Sick (Ferret)

Yet another squeaky-clean pop-punk outfit with harmonies so sweet they're like a finger down your throat. Maybe that's where this disc's title came from. If they'd come up with this 10 years ago, all the Blink-182s and Sum 41s of today would be paying tribute at the Boysnightout altar. As it is, this disc is just the latest in an endless parade of cookie-cutter punky boy bands.

Is There Love in Space? (Epic)
Ahhhh, the sound of two hands wanking. Satch returns with his gazillionth album and it sounds just like all the rest of 'em-tons of sizzle, no goddamn steak. Who's buying these things? Are there really enough disgruntled ex-musi-

cian guitar store clerks in the world to keep this dude's career alive? Yeah, yeah, we know, you can play guitar real good. Call us back when you write a song.

Frustration Plantation (Instinct)

Cello rock? Uh-oh, I smell a gimmick. And bands with gimmicks can get tired pretty quick-from "Hey, bagpipes!" to "Turn that shit off!" in three songs flat. But Rasputina manages to walk the fine line. The cellos are a nice change and the songs are quite good. (Ya hear that, Satch?) Fine singing by Melora and Zoë (first and second cello respectively), with good old-timey storytelling lyrics. And dude, that parlando section about getting hit in the head with a rock 14 times is somehow strangely comforting!

Weicome Karma

Hying Saucer Express (independent)

Yeah, it's another great, irreverent, quirky pop act from Toronto. Curse that city! Curse it with a plague!... Oh wait-too far? Okay, let me start over. Welcome Karma passionately belts out quality cuts of lo-fi bedroom rock reminiscent of Ben Kweller or Adam Green. Those bastards even got Garth Hudson to contribute a keyboard part or two, which only fuels my mock dislike. Jerksl



CAGE MATCH OF THE WEEK

Reanfield Seek (Compost)

Now Soon Someday (Warp)

Since we knew a little about Beans's crazy-ass English hip-hop beforehand, we were expecting some good listening and an interesting battle. Trouble is, the copy of Now Soon Someday delivered to the Vue office was totally scratched and unreadable. Unfortunate. So in goes Beanfield. Also very unfortunate. This is over an hour of the blandest, most middle-of-the-road techno-jazz ever recorded. The beats are remarkably flat and unevolved; it's as if even the producers got bored mid-song and fell asleep on the 808. In desperation, we try once again to revive the Beans disc. No dice. Half a song? Anything? No? Oh well, I guess we have to give this one to Beanfield, via technical knockout. But we're not happy about it.





## MUSIC - this week











#### TROUGHE

The Karma Chameleon himself, **Boy George**, makes an appearance in the DJ booth at the Standard tonight. After a legendary pop career fronting Culture Club, the former George O'Dowd tumbled right behind the decks and carved himself a new niche as one of the world's chief purveyors of chunky, glamourous house. Doors at 9 p.m., tickets at Ticketmaster, Foosh, Underground, Colourblind and the doors. And then there's the original P.I.M.P., 50 Cent, makin' like it's your birthday at Rexall Place, with G-Unit, David Banner, Kardinall Offishall and Melanie Durrant. Tickets are \$39.50 and \$59.50, available at Ticketmaster.

#### FRIDAY

Revisit your old-school punk roots at New City when seminal underground band **U.K. Subs** arrives. Also there to school your ass are Montreal's AB Irato, Billy and the Lost Boys and Vancouver's SlaveCo, featuring veteran SNFU frontman Mr. Chi Pig. On the other side of downtown, things will be a lot less *oil* with the leftfield rock 'n' roll of the Summerlad, Besnard Lakes and National Monument. And don't forget about the No Hands show at Listen, no sirl

#### SATURDAY

Vagabond troubadour, prolific writer and artist **Dan Bern** makes a stop at the Sidetrack Café to play to a sold-out house, while local metal warriors Chunk celebrate the recent release of their fast-rising album *Slightly Different* with a homecoming show at Red's. Tickets are dirt cheap—\$5 advance at Red's or Ticketmaster. Doors at 8 p.m. and the show is all ages.

#### SUMBAY

Look, everyone's going to see the Pixies. Those who don't have a ticket will sit at home and listen to Pixies albums. Or watch *The Simpsons*. Or if they're a fan of professional wrestling *and* metal, they'll be thrashing downtown at the new Starlite Room to the sounds of **Fozzy**, the band put together by WWE champion Chris Jericho. Tickets are available at Ticketmaster or at the door, which opens at 9 p.m.

#### MONDAY

This is the day that everyone calls in sick. You don't need to ask why.

#### TIESDAY.

Impassioned punk-folk singer/songwriter **Ember Swift** returns to Edmonton's Sidetrack Café with a new album, *Disaming*. It's an apt title, considering the lack of weirdo left turns and deliberately obscure tunings that her previous material bent toward and also won her a diehard fan core. However, it's about time she brought more ears to the show, and this new material might do the trick. Show starts at 9 p.m., tickets are \$12. Also on the bill are Bebop Cortez and the Pocket Dwellers.

#### WEDNESDAY

It's **Robert Smith's** birthday! Yes, that cosmetically challenged walking haystack from the Cure is celebrating his arrival on earth today, and though we'd rather not hazard a guess about how old he is (it's only polite) we'd like to encourage all of you to go out a buy a Cure album. Among our favourites: *Disintegration, Pornography, Head on the Door* and *Japanese Whispers*. Or you could get the *Greatest Hits*, but that's too easy.



#### BY DAVID STONE

#### Let George do it

I have to admit, I wasn't ever a big fan of Culture Club. During their heyday, I was getting into the Police and the Clash, and I didn't have time for a guy in makeup singing about how he was going to tumble 4 me. Nope, I was all about theories of synchronicity and guns in a place called Brixton.

Now Joe Strummer has passed into the great beyond and Sting is about as relevant as the castle he lives in. Boy George, on the other hand, has cheated heroin addiction and a killer fall from the pop charts to emerge as a superstar DJ on the world stage while still running in the face of mainstream culture. It's one of the most remarkable career transformations, and you can see the results for yourself when he spins at the

in 1979, he hooked up with another would-be pop star, Jeremy Healy, and started playing records for the kids. Then he met another DJ, Michael Craig, and a drummer named Jon Moss, who formed the nucleus of Culture Club. Listen to much of the bands material, and it was in sync with the rhythms of British dancefloors at the time—the beat never strayed far from what Boy George was doing.

But toward the end of the band he was battling an addiction to heroin, which he eventually kicked in 1987, the same year he scored his first chart-topping solo single. "Everything I Own." The DI career fell into place soon after, and the lib. erty of the profession continues to appeal to his counterculture nature As he says in his profile on Trust the DJ.com, "I love the freedom I have as a DJ, especially now that pop music is so generic. If someone gives me a tune they've knocked up in their bedroom, I can play it and no one can stop me. I don't scan the dance chart to see what's big and I don't play for the crowd because these days the crowd mostly wants to hear what they know. I want to excite the crowd but I also want to feel excited about what I'm playing."

Could Boy George save the world of pop music once again? Well, he

#### "A lack of snobbery is what has allowed pop music to become so pedestrian and generic," says Boy George.

Standard tonight (Thursday).

It's a life that has spawned not one but two autobiographies. The first, *Take It Like a Man*, detailed George's youth in Britain, moving to London at the age of 15 and making clubland his home. The forthcoming second tome, *Straight*, tackles his post-Culture Club reinvention and rise to prominence as a DJ during the dance boom of the 1990s. And let's not forget *Taboo*, the stage musical about the New Romantic movement of the 1980s that George became an instrumental part of. Hey, do you see Paul Oakenfold pulling this kind of stuff off?

The DJ booth has always been a home for the former George O'Dowd.

does have ideas, and his own electropop group, the Twin, to work with. In a recent interview with Scruff, a U.K.-based clubbing newsletter, the DJ expressed displeasure with the direction of today's disposable culture and called for a return to clubbing elitism and pretension. "A lack of snobbery is what has allowed pop music to become so pedestrian and generic," he said. Tickets for the show are available at Ticketmaster, Foosh, Colourblind and Underground.

Also breezing through town this weekend is Toronto house phenomenon Hatiras, who's hitting the booth at Y Afterhours on Saturday night. Of course, Hatiras is the creator of the Juno Award-winning single "Spaced Invader," one of the most memorable house anthems of the last decade. With a turbo-charged, never-ending climbing whine flying atop a relentless funky rhythm, "Spaced Invader" was an inspired moment in clubbing history, but it was only the beginning. Since then, he's released a fulllength album, Arrival, which featured collaborations with friends like Bad Boy Bill, and pushed his space-age disco sound further with the mixed compilation Electronic Luv.

Finally, those of you who are heading down to Connected v.7 in Calgary on May 1 but lack a ride may want to consider the Boogle Bus that some local sorts have put together. The deal is pretty simple, by the sound of it-for only \$20, you get driven there and back by a professional bus driver, and everyone is welcome because the party is all-ages. However, you must have photo ID of some sort and a ticket to the party. Space is really limited, so jump on this now. For more details, drop by the new Foosh street-level location on Whyte Avenue or send an e-mail to funkgrrl@shaw.ca. Ø

## HATY ROJE · BECAUJE I CAN



Buy Katy Rose's, "Because I Can" at CD Plus and get a pass for two to the Sneak Preview of Paramount Pictures release MEAN GIRLS staring Lindsay Lohan. (Offer good while supplies last.)

"This Los Angeles rock ingénue throws a better teenage riot than Liz Phair at her Avril-est." - SPIN

BECAUSE I CAN In Stores Now....
MEAN GIRLS in theaters April 30





Kill Bill: Vol. 2 completes Tarantino's epic film-nerd masterpiece

BY DARREN ZENKO

hat was missing from Kill Bill? The glib (and correct) and is: "Half the damn movie." I (vaguely) understand the marketing, marketing and marketing reasons for cleaving Quentin Tarantino's wildly stylish martial-arts revenge epic in two, and those reasons are probably valid, in a greedy, cynical and sort of cowardly way. But if last fall, when Volume One was released, we'd have seen what we're seeing now in Kill Bill: Vol. 2, none of the shit critics were flicking at Q-solely about style, cardboard (or, generously, "iconic") characters, simplistic revenge yarn, violence for violence's sake, schlock-film nerd's wank fantasy, etc.-would have stuck. Complete, Kill Bill is an honest-to-God masterpiece of action filmmaking.

So, what specifically was missing? Well, the title character, for starters. In Vol. 1, Bill was a name, a rumour, a legend, a voice, a hand on a sword hilt. He was menace and death, and his name was a terrible talisman—so much so that, in one of Vol. 1's most memorable moments, Hattori Hanzo (Sonny Chiba), the world's greatest swordsmith and no doubt a phenomenal badass in his own right, couldn't even bring himself to speak it, only inscribe it like a magic diagram in the dust of a grimy windowpane. That's a hell of a way to build up a bad guy, and one of the things that made Vol. 1 feel "empty" was the fact that it never paid off-the menace of Bill needed to take corporeal form; the movie needed the Boss. Into that gap steps David Carradine, paying off

every bit of buildup with interest.

It's impossible to say enough about Carradine's performance here; it's a damn amazing piece of work. First of all, he just looks really cool... old, yeah, but powerful, worn by years down to muscle and bone, with killer's eyes and these wondrously gnarled hands that handle a bamboo flute the same way they handle a samurai sword or a pearl-

handled gun. Or a bread knife—have you ever had goosebumps watching a guy make a ham sandwich? Carradine was made for the role and made for Tarantino, speaking his lines in a voice like a swordfighter's stance: relaxed near to the point of drawling, but always precise, aware and deadly. Vol. 2-or, sorry, Kill Bill; we must keep in mind that we're talking about a single film, here-is animated, informed and defined by what Carradine does; his Bill is one of the great epic supervillains of film.

AND IT'S NOT LIKE the old kung fu roundeye is some kind of ringer, a rehabbing major-leaguer looking great by swinging in AA ball; the whole movie is filled with great performers bringing good characters to life. Michael Madsen's washed-up, alcoholic, but still mighty lethal redneck Budd, spitting tobacco and gloating drunkenly, made tragic by hints of the long-gone great warrior that now and then flicker on the Bad Ol' Boy surface. Larry Bishop as his boss at the shithole titty bar, his two minutes of pure sleaze outdone only by Michael Parks's near-incomprehensible geriatric Mexican pimp. Gordon Liu stroking his beard as ancient and cantankerous kung fu master Pai Mei. Elle Driver, bitch queen of the bitchy bitches, brought to you by the sub-lime Daryl Hannah. And of course, the Bride herself, Uma Thurman, part

victim, part unkillable messenger of Vengeance, all woman. Every single word and gesture in these, the final acts of his masterpiece, reminds us of why we got so hot in the pants for Tarantino in the first place, way back in the Decade That Dares Not Speak Its Name; he knows how to assemble an ensemble, and he knows how to make the ensemble do his bidding to beyond the best of its ability.

Oh, look... almost done, and I haven't even got around to talking about the action in this action movie. I have to admit, it's kind of nice to be able to rhapsodize about a movie that's all about kicking ass without having to, you know, dwell on the asskicking. Does it even need to be said? Kill Bill is a fighting movie to end all fighting movies, a dirty, brawling, punching, kicking, stabbing, shooting, diving, rolling, slapping, beating, drugging, slicing, dicing, human-sacrificing fantasia of martial-arts madness. The infamous "House of Blue Leaves" bit from the first part, in which Uma food-processed Lucy Liu's Kato-masked Crazy 88s, remains the movie's big action setpiece; the battles (I can't even bear to call them "fights") in this second half are tighter, more intimate, more desperate. Tarantino's done with pastelhappy suburbia, done with slick Tokyo streets... we're back in Texas for the finale, back in the dust and the dirt and the danger. The Bride's showdown with the Deadly Viper codenamed California Mountain Snake makes her custom-kitchen knifefight with Vivica A. Fox look like a thumbwrestle over who gets the last Nanaimo bar; her haiku-elegant duel with O-Ren Ishii seems positively gaudy compared to the gut-wrenching simplicity of her final swordfight with Bill.

SOLD AS TWO MOVIES, Kill Bill is a single amazing achievement of

SEE NEXT PAGE



## **Red sham diaries**

Goodbye, Lenin! sounds like wacky satire, but it's much more poignant than that

BY MALCOLM AZANIA (MINISTER FAUST)

ow can you not love this premise? Frau Kerner, diehard East German communist mother of two, falls

into a coma just before the Wall falls. When she wakes up, the doc-

tor warns her adult children that she mustn't have any shocks, which would certainly initiate a second and this time fatal heart attack-this, while the country is now full of Ikea ads, Coca-Cola banners and TV and radio coverage of a re-aligned world. So her son Alex quarantines her in her bedroom while he and his brilliant techbuddy Denis forge a host of TV news reports to convince her that she's living in the East Germany of old, even while the "east" has become "west."

Goodbye, Lenin! sounds like a great comedy, except it isn't. And thank heaven, because while such a yarn probably could have made a great sketch, this beautiful, compassionate drama about families, lies and love is one of the best movies I've seen in the last year. It's got a terrific cast, but everything depends upon Bernd Lichtenberg's and director Wolfgang Becker's exquisite script. We witness the development of the Kerner family through Alex's eyes from the time they were first awakened to the wonders of this world by the glory of leaving it, specifically the orbital triumph of the first German cosmonaut. His delight in the possible, in the disintegration of his family, especially after his father flees to West Germany, abandoning Alex (Daniel Brühl), sister Ariane (Maria Simon) and wife (Katrin Sass) in the process. Sass, meanwhile, channels all her energy into communist zeal for a better Germany and world. She writes clever, sarcastic letters criticizing government error, which nevertheless still demonstrate loyalty to her country, a delightful cipher within this film's exploration of relationships in general.

For while Goodbye, Lenin! is certainly about the transition from one false utopia to another and the lies and self-deception that sustain and destroy each of them, it's much more about the lies and self-deception that sustain and destroy individuals and families. Thankfully, we get a nuanced portrait rather than platitudes-sometimes lies do sustain people (denial being a uniquely powerful means of avoiding disintegration during trauma), while at other times they harm and kill. The difficulty, of course, is knowing when it's compas-

sionate to start lying and when one must stop, the latter step being

much trickier to time and far more dangerous to execute.

WOLFGANG BECKER makes some marvelous directorial choices, beginning with the title sequence and its exquisite piano score by Yann Tiersen, right up to a stunning, tragic moment of a final statue of Lenin being helfescorted to some unknown waste pile, his arm outstretched in a gesture that seems partly a goodbye wave, partly a plea for forgiveness and partly a desperate yearning not to be forgotten or so easily replaced. Regardless of one's ideological take on the first Soviet leader, that shot is poignant and tragic beyond description. It wordlessly comments upon all the displaced, downsized and disjointed "Easterners" who find life in the newly reunited capitalist Republic to be a rejection of ideals that, whatever their horrendous misapplication, spoke of a world in which progress was to be measured not money but in scientific progress and collective care for the community.

Goodbye, Lenin! sanitizes no one and no one's ideology. Instead, it painfully and compassionately describes the agonies and the glories that are inherent in all the bestintended and misguided attempts to improve people, their families and their world. It brought tears to my eyes, and it's stayed with me days and days later. I can't think of much more sincere praise for a film than that.

GOODBYE, LENIN!

Directed by Wolfgang Becker • Written by Wolfgang Becker and Bernd Lichtenberg . Starring Daniel Bruhl, Kathrin Sass and Maria Simon • Opens soon

## **Crockett from the crypt**

The Alamo is a surprisingly sober. human-scaled historical epic

BY STEPHEN NOTLEY

s a Canadian I wasn't all that familiar with the star.

Alamo; in fact, before I saw The Alamo all I really knew about it was that it was in San Antonio and that we were urged to remember it. Nonetheless, it's always interesting to see how America mythologizes itself; The Patriot stands out as a particularly self-congratulatory and historically flabby recent bit of American self-

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myopically patriotic times, just how disgusting and rah-rah We're-Number-One was The Alamo going to be?

Shockingly, the answer is "not terribly." For a movie about one of the core pieces of American myth, The Alamo is curiously restrained. There are few glorious speeches, hardly any heartwrenching slo-mo shots

of courageous proto-Americans giving it their all and almost no chestthumping assertions of American manifest destiny in the face of the scurrilous Mexican horde. Instead The Alamo is oddly human, more interested in tweaking myths and legends

than in repackaging them in the usual blaring Hollywood style.

Unsurprisingly, The Alamo is rather light on the historical and political background to the conflict. All we're told is that the Mexican army and the armed forces of the not-yet-Texas Republic had traded control of the lightly fortified Alamo a couple of times and at this particular moment, 1836, it was the Texians' turn to run the place. Not wishing to split his forces, Texian General Sam Houston (Dennis Quaid) had pulled most of his strength out of the fort, leaving it in the hands of a few ragtag Texian soldiers and militiamen, among them Davy Crockett (Billy Bob Thornton) and James Bowie (Jason Patric), the fellow after whom the Bowie knife is named. Soon enough jowly Mexican general Antonio Lopez de Santa Ana pops by with a couple of thousand soldiers and our Texian heroes are forced to hole up in the Alamo to await certain death.

Compared to the siege of, say, Helm's Deep, the siege of the Alamo comes off as positively civilized. The Mexicans set up camp a couple of hundred feet away and then, in true Mexican mañana spirit, just sit there. Over the next few days the combatants look at each other across a field and toss the occasional cannon shot back and forth. The Texi-



ans work on strengthening their defenses while the Mexicans end each day with some marching band music. It's almost friendly, really.

INSIDE THE ALAMO, refreshingly unsentimental character development is the order of the day. Billy Bob Thornton's Crockett (who prefers "David" to "Davy") wryly brushes off the other men's awe at his legendary status, mentioning that he only wears his trademark coonskin cap because he saw it in a play. Sure, he's a good shot, but he never claims to be anything special, and he tells a sobering story about his involvement in another battle in which they burned a cabin full of injuns to the ground. Meanwhile, additional drama comes from tension between Bowie, who leads the militiamen, and Lt. Col. William Travis, the inexperienced 26-

year-old commander of the Texian regulars; both are flawed men and neither thinks of himself as a hero. The movie handles all this with a light touch, showing us how Travis gradually earns the respect of his men, detailing how Bowie sat out most of the fight bedridden from consumption, taking the time to point out the decidedly mixed feelings the Texian slaves had about dying for their owners.

Eventually the Mexicans attack and, well, win, killing everybody and leading the film towards its Texas establishing coda as Sam Houston whips up an army, invites them to remember the Alamo and creams the weakened Mexican army at San Jacinto river. And yet, even then the movie never really gives in to the schmaltzy impulse, preferring to keep things simple and character-based rather than majestic and legendary, resisting the urge to paint the story larger than life. Instead it feels about the same size as life, and that feels good. In an America bloated with self-importance, The Alamo is humble and human. I'll remember it. 0

#### THE ALAMO

Directed by John Lee Hancock . Written by Leslie Bohem, Stephen Gaghan and John Lee Hancock . Starring Dennis Quaid, Billy Bob Thomton, Jason Patric and Patrick Wilson . Now playing

#### KIN BIN: Vol. 2

Continued from previous page

homage, satire, reinvention and incredible baldfaced ripping-offpure Tarantinism, and I can't wait for Q's Double Happy Dragon Palm Director's Cut Mega Mix to drop so I can watch it straight and then fall into two days of exhausted sleep. But that viewing, the relentless gutpunch the director intended, is for another day. For now, we deal with two volumes, one for renting and one for seeing in nacho-comboed comfort. In Volume One (ch-ching!), everyone who's still alive and four-limbed has their badass credentials established; in Volume Two it's ... um... well. There's really no other way to say it, is there? In Volume Two ... it's personal. Even moreso, I mean. @

#### **KILL BILL: VOL. 2**

Written and directed by Quentin Tarantino Starring Uma Thurman, David Carradine, Michael Madsen, Daryl Hannah and Gordon Liu . Opens Fri, Apr 16





VUEWEEKLY





## The medieval dead

14th-century actors solve a murder in plodding The Reckoning

BY PAUL MATWYCHUK

irector Paul McGuigan's previous two films were the unwatchable Irvine Welsh adaptation The Acid House and the ultraviolent British crime saga Gangster No. 1, both of them notable for their flashy editing and photography

and a curious fasciters eating bodily waste. Neith

waste. Neither of these traits made him an obvious candidate to direct The Reckoning, an offbeat murder mystery set in 14th-century England, but McGuigan has plunged headlong into the project anyway. There's no waste-eating this time around, although the world the film presents is pretty unhygienic what with the bubonic plague on the loose, but McGuigan's taste for flashy edits and overhead camera angles is on full display, no matter how inappropriate these techniques may be to the story's medieval setting.

Paul Bettany (who made this film years ago, long before he came to fame acting opposite Russell Crowe in A Beautiful Mind and Master and Commander) stars as a priest named Nicholas who falls in with a troupe of traveling actors while he's on the run from his home village, where he's disgraced himself by sleeping with a married woman from his congregation. A couple of the actors, including a grouchy old trooper played by the great Brian Cox, distrust Nicholas at first sight, but Martin (Willem Dafoe), the troupe leader, takes a shine to him and invites him to join their ranks. (Perhaps Dafoe simply likes having someone around whose cheekbones are even more astonishingly chis-

The troupe has fallen on hard times-as they moan about how people would rather see the more spectacular mystery plays being mounted in places like Wakefield, they're like indie filmmakers complaining that audiences only want to see the latest Matrix sequel. But Martin hatches a radical new idea when the troupe winds up in a small town still abuzz over the scandalous recent slaying of a young boy, apparently at the hands of a deaf-mute woman: why not, instead of doing another of their tired dramatizations

of stories from the Bible, stage a new play about the boy's murder? The

play is a hit, but as Nicholas and Martin begin researching the playwithout so much as a single AFA grant!-they begin to suspect that the deaf-mute woman is innocent and that the real murderer is still at large. Hey, maybe he's that sinister nobleman who keeps scowling down at them from the castle in the centre of town! You know, the one played by Vincent Cassel?

THE RECKONING IS A STRANGE movie in that it unfolds within a fascinating milieu and yet somehow manages to be completely uninvolving. A big part of the problem is McGuigan's cold, inexpressive direction, which never takes you inside the characters' emotions. His camera looks at his characters instead of inside them. Nicholas's struggle with his faith, Martin's growing respect for this new member of his company, the attitude of the townspeople toward these theatrical interlopers (and vice versa)—none of it comes alive. McGuigan misses a big opportunity as well with the character of Sarah (Gina McKee), Martin's sister, who is forbidden from appearing onstage or voting on troupe business matters. She's attracted to Nicholas as well, but this subplot is basically reduced to a

series of significant glances

I also wished McGuigan and screenwriter Mark Mills (who based the film on Barry Unsworth's 1995 novel Morality Play) had made the effort to weave more information about the inner workings of medieval theatre into their script-I'd love to know how these scripts were created, what ingredients went into the actors' makeup, what stage

conventions they had to deal with, all that kind of stuff. But The Reckoning seems more interested in telling a plodding detective story than exploring its setting (brought vividly to life by production designer Andrew McAlpine, who also designed The Piano). But if nothing else, The Reckoning makes you nostalgic for a time when audiences were actually getting bored with reenactments of Christ's crucifixion. These days, people apparently can't get enough of it-can a wave of post-Passion high-tech mystery plays be far behind?

THE RECKONING

Directed by Paul McGuigan . Written by Mark Mills . Starring Paul Bettany, Willem Dafoe and Brian Cox . Opens soon



## Romantic zomedy

Turning into a zombie reats up a nurse's sex life in goofy Graveyard Alive

BY STEPHEN NOTLEY

or zombie-lovin' fans who found the new Dawn of the Dead remake a tad on the unsatisfying side, or for those who fed on it only to find their insatiable hunger for human flesh in movie form whetted and increased, there's good news at the Metro this weekend with Graveyard Alive, a tight and curious little zombie movie from Montreal. But perhaps "zombie movie" isn't quite accurate; with its black-and-white photography, its odd, overdubbed soundtrack and its arch, cartoony characters, Graveyard Alive feels more like an extended zombie skit than a full-fledged film.

Every good zombie movie has something to say about zombies, or



at the very least uses zombies as a platform to talk about something else (which would probably explain the eerie popularity zombie films have with homebrew DIY filmmakers). Graveyard Alive uses zombies to spice up a mixed-up Betty-and-Veronicastyle catfight over a man. We start

with shy, mousy Nurse Patsy who reads romance novels and gazes lovingly and alonely across the hospital cafeteria at sleazy Dr. Dox (whom she dated back in high school) getting engaged to bitchy blonde Nurse Goodie Tueschuze. Plot arrives in the form of a lumberjack with zombieitis who bites Nurse Patsy. She, in turn,

quickly discovers the sexifying power of zombiedom, combing her hair out, ditching the huge glasses, putting on push-up bras and long black tights, and sets out to win her man back from scheming Nurse Goodie, eating several people in the process.

AS I SAID, all this works more on the goofy-improv level than as a "realistic" zombie movie, but Graveyard Alive keeps it ticking with some fair wit and imagination. It's good to see a zombie movie branch out from the small-group-of-humans-trappedsomewhere-surrounded-by-zombies plot, and it's even better to see a story where the protagonist (for a while at least) is a zombie, having to deal with zombie things on a zombie level. Nurse Patsy has quite a dilemma: now that she's a zombie she's sexy and popular, but if she doesn't eat human flesh her skin starts to peel off and she starts to rot. What's a girl to do? Not eat human flesh? And the movie's not shy about the blood and gore, either; when it comes time for Nurse Patsy to chow down on manmeat, she really gets into it, smearing goo all over her face, grobbling chunks down her throat, leaving nothing but a pickedapart skeleton. Yum. And gross.

One could argue writer/director Elza Kephart is making some metaphorical statement about how women can use sex for power with a half-dingle into something about how society isolates and punishes women, but it's not necessary to probe too deeply; the movie works on its own wonky level. Graveyard Alive has plenty of skin-peeling, rotting-flesh tricks up its sleeve and it builds as it goes along, goofing around for most of its length and then managing to glide into a pretty good, spooky little ending. As a cheapo little home-movie zombie flick, Graveyard Alive can't compete with Dawn of the Dead 2004's fancy computer-generated zombie-smushing effects shots, but since it has some actual cool ideas it doesn't need to. If yer lookin' fer zombie, Graveyard Alive is what's for dinner.

#### GRAVEYARD ALIVE A ZOMBIE NURSE IN LOVE

Written and directed by Elza Kephart . Starring Anne Day-Jones and Samantha Slan • Zeidler Hall, The Citadel • Fri-Sat. Apr 16-17 (9pm) • Metro Cinema • 425-9212



## **Sweeping beauty**

A man can't help falling in love with the help in The Housekeeper

By PAUL MATWYCHUK

hristian Oster's The Housekeeper is the good kind of French novel. It's breezy, funny, intelligent (but not pretentious) and short-it runs just under 200 sparsely-spaced pages in its English-language edition. You can read the whole thing in an afternoon and put it down feeling refreshed and sophisticated instead of tired and existentially alienated. In that sense, I suppose writer/director Claude Berri's new film version of the book

is a faithful adaptation. It runs just under 90 minutes, its observations

about male/female relationships are consistently wise and engaging and yet the whole thing is so airy that when you rise from your seat at the closing credits, you barely feel as though you've even watched a movie. And vet you can't wait to talk it over with your girlfriend.

It's a comedy of manners devoted to two of the great French obsessions: falling in love and administering an efficient household. As the film opens, our hero, Jacques (Jean-Pierre Bacri) is excelling at neither activity. He's a lonely middle-aged bachelor still recovering from the breakup of his marriage—the wreckage of his personal life is symbolized by the unholy mess in his apartment, which is strewn with dirty dishes, cloudy glasses and unironed items of clothing. At long last, he hires an attractive young woman, Laura (Rosetta's Emilie Dequenne), to come in once a week to tidy the place up. Once a week soon turns into twice a week, and then, when Laura tells Jacques that she's being evicted and needs a place to stay, he offers to let her board temporarily at his place. Inevitably, it isn't long before they're sleeping together.

Amusingly, it's not the fastidious, self-conscious Jacques who initiates this relationship; if anything, it's Laura who's always taking things eagerly to the next levelasking to move in, leaning in for the first kiss, inviting herself along with Jacques on a holiday to Brittany. The two lovers are obviously. hopelessly wrong for each otherbesides the age difference, Jacques likes jazz, classical music and Russian literature while Laura prefers techno, celebrity magazines and trashy TV shows-but their affection for each other, while it lasts, is genuine, if a bit befuddling to both Jacques and the audience

OSTER'S NOVEL IS WRITTEN in first person from Jacques's point of view, and most of its humour arises from the endearingly self-deluded way in which Jacques analyzes his affair with Laura; when he's not neurotically trying to figure out if Laura really is falling in love with him, he's puzzling over how to carry on an affair with his

maid without exploiting the unfair class system. Berri, on the other

hand, gives Jacques a little more dignity-his film is still told from Jacques's perspective, but Berri, much like his countryman Claude Sautet, prefers to stand farther back from his characters and let Jacques's external behaviour, not his internal thoughts, tell the story. The charm of The Housekeeper is in this slow accumulation of revealing details: the way Jacques cleans up his apartment himself the day before Laura's first visit; or how Jacques can't quite decide whether to treat Laura as a houseguest, a lover or an employee once she moves in with him; or Jacques's embarrassed behaviour when he and Laura arrive at the beach in Brittany, a sign that he already knows how ridiculous they look together. (Bacri is marvelous at playing middleaged romantic uncertainty; you may remember him from his similar role in 1999's The Taste of Others.)

I liked pretty much everything about The Housekeeper, but it's still a bit too slight and wispy for me to recommend it as essential viewing. What it is is a droll, good-hearted fantasy for anyone who's ever dreamed of falling in love with a French girl-or at least having one lean their bathtub. 0

#### THE HOUSEKEEPER

Written and directed by Claude Berri • Starring Jean-Pierre Bacri and Emilie Dequenne . Now on video



WHEN two Irish documentary filmmakers went to Venezuela to shoot a documentary about left-wing leader Hugo Chavez, they had no idea they'd be caught in a political whirlwind.



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This is reality film-making...a ront row seat of what could be the shortest-lived coup in

Shades of September 11-September 11, 1973, that iswhen the CIA orchestrated the overthrow of Salvador

"An amazing documentary that feels more like a political

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# The son also euthanizes

The United States of Leland is a morally repellent mercy-killing treatise

BY PAUL MATWYCHUK

arely have I seen a movie displays such a yawning gulf between its own odious themes and its flattering, sensitive-soul image of itself as writer/director Matthew Ryan Hoge's The United States of Leland. Hoge must be some kind of hustler: after persuading Kevin Spacey to produce the picture in addition to playing a small supporting role, he was able to fill every significant part in the film with, if not a star, then at least a familiar indie face: his large ensemble cast includes Don Cheadle, Lena Olin, Martin Donovan, Jena Malone, Ann Magnuson, Kerry Washington, Chris Klein, Sherilyn Fenn, Michelle Williams and, as the Donnie Darko-like lead character Leland P. Washington, Rvan Gosling (the young Canadian actor who caused a sensation among critics if not audiences with his work in The Believer).

Once again, Gosling is playing an

affectless teenage killer, but this time it's one we're supposed to feel sympathy for—even though he's stabbed his ex-girlfriend Becky's handicapped brother Ryan to death (it's not clear if the kid is retarded or autistic), we're told it's because poor Leland feels an overabundance of empathy for all the sadness in the world. Never mind that Ryan doesn't appear to be suffering emotionally or in any kind of pain—Hoge takes the condescending notion that autistic and retarded people are a burden on their families and everyone around them

# **B** DRAMA

and swallows it whole. He spends no time trying to understand Ryan as a person; all his energy is focussed on soft-spoken, tender-hearted Leland and his sad inability to stop himself from feeling too much.

Hoge apparently was inspired to make the film as a result of his experiences as a teacher in a juvenile prison, and indeed, the film's other principal character is Pearl Madison (Cheadle), a prison teacher who recognizes Leland's intelligence and tries to understand what could have motivated him to take a human life. (Leland's father Albert, played by

Spacev, is a famous literary figure and although Pearl genuinely wants to help Leland, he's also a struggling writer who senses that a book about Albert's homicidal son could be just the ticket to finally landing a publishing deal.) Pearl's decision to cheat on his estranged wife with a pretty new secretary at the prison is just one of a whole tangle of soap opera plot threads that run through the film-Becky is trying to kick her heroin addiction, while Becky's sister Julie is pulling away from her adoring live-in boyfriend Allen. Scenes showing Leland's parents and Ryan's parents coping numbly with their grief round out the film.

BUT I FOUND MYSELF spending more time trying to figure out how all these characters were related to each other than empathizing with their unhappiness-Hoge's confusingly structured script certainly takes its sweet time telling you which family everyone belongs to. (As Roger Ebert has noted, it takes Hoge several scenes to establish that Becky and Julie are even sisters.) And since the entire film has been pitched at exactly the same anesthetized, TVmovie tone, with characters wandering around tasteful beige suburban homes and mumbling about the sor-



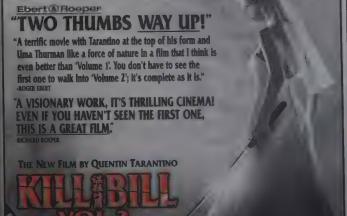
rowful weight of the world they carry on their shoulders, it's hard to get too worked up about the pain any of the characters are feeling. Ironically, the film turns you into kind of an anti-Leland, feeling too little instead of too much. And the whole premise of the movie—that Leland is such a sad, wise little angel that killing Ryan becomes an act of mercy ("emotional euthanasia," the press kit calls it)—is the height of adolescent self-regard. We're meant to think that Leland's such a pure soul that even when he kills a help-

less kid it only makes him holier than ever. He's a martyr to all our numbed-out suburban emotions, a mercy-killing post-Columbine saint.

And if there's one thing movies definitely don't need these days, as another saintly, misunderstood hero. Or another pretentious indie director like Matthew Ryan Hoge.

THE UNITED STATES OF LELAND Written and directed by Matthew Ryan Hoge • Starring Ryan Gosling, Don Cheadle, Jena Malone, Chris Klein and Kevin Spacey • Opens soon

# THE BRIDE IS BACK FOR THE FINAL CUT.



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### NEW THIS WEEK

Behind the Vell: Nuns (M) Director Margaret Westcott's documentary about the role of women in religion, particularly nuns' struggle for power within the male-dominated hierarchy of the Catholic Church. Zei dier Hall, The Citadel; Mon, Apr 19 (9pm)

Connie and Carla (CO, FP) Nia Vardalos (who also wrote the script), Toni Collette and David Duchovny star in *The Santa* Clause 2 director Michael Lembeck's gender-bending comedy about a pair of female dinner theatre singers who hide out after witnessing a Mafia hit by posing as drag queens.

Faithful Women (Volume 3) (M) A documentary about the first Women's Interfaith Dialogue, a 1988 event sponsored by the World Council of Churches in which more than 60 women from five continents gathered in Toronto to discuss their religions impact on women's lives. Zeidler Hall, The Citadel: Mon. Apr 19 (7pm)

Graveyard Alive: A Zombie Nurse In Love (M) Director Elza Kephart's tongue-incheek horror movie about a mousy nurse who gets transformed into a sexy undead bombshell when she is bitten by a zombie patient. Zeidler Hall, The Citadel; Fri-Sat, Apr

It. Should Happen to You (EFS) Judy Holliday and Jack Lemmon star in Adam's Rib director George Cukor's 1954 satire about a struggling actress who plasters her name across a giant billboard, hoping the ensuing notoriety will jump-start her career. Provin cial Museum Auditorium (102 Ave & 128 St):

Kill Bill, Vol. 2 (CO, FP) Uma Thur man, David Carradine, Michael Mad-sen and Daryl Hannah star in the conclusion of writer/director Quentin Tarantino's genre-hopping revenge epic, in which a former assassin tracks down the

man who employed her, impregnated her, shot her and left her for dead. The Punisher (CO, FP) Thomas Jane and John Travolta star in writer/director Jonathan Hensleigh's film adaptation of the popular Marvel comic book about a former FBI agent who reinvents himself as a ruthless

crimefighting vigilante when an evil crime

syndicate kills his family.

The Vancouver Mountain Film Festival (M) A program of short films celebrating outdoors sports from rock-climbing to mountain biking. Zeidler Hall, The Citadel: Sun, Apr 18 (7pm)

Waiting for Martin (M) Directors Magnus Isacsson and Sophia Southam's Michael Moore-style political documentary about activist David Bernans's epic fruitless quest to meet Paul Martin face to face and challenge him to a debate. Zeidler Hall, The Citadel; Fri-Sat, Apr 16-17 (7pm)

### **FIRST-RUN MOVIES**

The Alamo (CO, FP) Dennis Quaid, Jason Patric and Billy Bob Thornton star in The Rookie director John Lee Hancock's historical epic about the famed 1836 siege in which a small cadre of less than 300 men made a doomed effort to defend a fort in San Antonio from the much larger Mexican army.

The Corporation (GA) Directors Mark Achbar (Manufacturing Consent) pick and Jennifer Abbott's provocative doc umentary about the psychopathic, conscienceless inner workings of the corporate mind. Featuring interviews with Naomi Klein, Noam Chomsky and Michael Moore.

Dawn of the Dead (CO) Sarah Polley, Ving Rhames and Mekhi Phifer star in director Zack Snyder's remake of George Romero's satirical 1978 horror movie about a small band of humans who barricade themselves in a massive shopping mall when the earth is taken over by a vast army of zombies

Ella Enchanted (CO, FP) Anne Hathaway Hugh Dancy and Cary Elwes star in Get Over It director Tommy O'Haver's comic fantasy about a young woman's quest to lift the burdensome "gift of obedience" bestowed upon her by a well-meaning fairy. Based on the YA novel by Gail Caron Levine

Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind (CO, FP) Jim Carrey, Kate Winslet, Kirsten Dunst and Elijah

Wood star in Human Nature director Michel Gondry's dark comedy about a man who learns his ex-girffriend has undergone an experimental procedure to erase all her memories of their relationship and decides to get his memories wiped out as well. Screenplay by Charlie Kaufman

The Fog of War (P) The Thin Blue Line director Errol Morris's timely, Oscar-winning documentary, in which former U.S. Secretary of Defence

Robert S. McNamara explains his controve sial policies toward Cuba and Vietnam and offers his theories about modern warfare and foreign policy. Music by Philip Glass.

The Girl Next Door (CO, FP) Elisha Cuthbert, Emile Hirsch and Timothy Olyphant star in The Animal director Luke Greenfield's creepy romantic comedy about a high-school senior who falls in love with his gorgeous new next-door neighbour, only to learn that she's a former pom star.

Heliboy (CO, FP) Ron Perlman, Selma Blair and John Hurt star in Blade II director Guillermo del Toro's big-screen adaptation of the popular comic bool about a demon who is adopted by U.S.

agents and raised as a force for good after ng brought into our dimension as a result of a mystical Nazi experiment gone awry.

Hidalgo (CO, FP) Viggo Mortensen, Mal-colm McDowell and Omar Sharif star in Honey, I Shrunk the Kids director Joe Johnston's exotic equestrian epic, set in Saudi Arabia in 1890, about an American Pony Express courier who travels to the desert to take part in a lucrative but dangerous and grueling horse race.

Home on the Range (CO, FP) The voices of Cuba Gooding Jr., Randy Quaid, Judi Dench, Steve Buscemi and Jennifer Tilly are featured in this animated Disney cartoon about a group of animals who band together to raise enough money to pay off the mortgage on the farm where they all live

Jersey Girl (CO) Ben Affleck, Liv Tyler, Raquel Castro and George Carlin star in Chasing Amy writer/director Kevin Smith's heartwarming comedy about a career-driven man who must re-evaluate his priorities when his wife dies, forcing him to raise his daughter alone

Johnson Family Vacation (CO) Cedric the Entertainer, Vanessa Williams and Bow Wow star in director Christopher Erskin's comedy about a family enduring a mishap-plagued car trip halfway across the country to a reunion in Missouri.

The Ladykillers (CO, FP) Tom Hanks, Marlon Wayans, Irma P. Hall and J.K. Simmons star in *Raising Arizona* writer/directors Joel and Ethan Coen's remake of the classic 1955 comedy, about an eccentric criminal mastermind whose plan to rob a New Orleans riverboat is complicated by his meddling landlady, whose conveniently located basement is integral to his scheme.

NASCAR 3D: The IMAX Experience (FP) Kiefer Sutherland and Jeff Gordon are featured in Free Willy director Simon Wincer's jumbo-screen documentary about the history of the NASCAR racing circuit and the cutting-edge technology that the sport's top drivers rely on to win competitions.

The Passion of the Christ (CO, FP) Jim Caviezel and Monica Bellucci star in Brave-heart director Mel Gibson's ultra-controversial, blood-soaked Biblical epic depicting the

final 12 hours in the life of Jesus of Nazareth. In Latin and Aramaic with English subtitles.

The Prince and Me (FP) Julia Stiles, Luke Mably and Miranda Richardson star in Rambling Rose director Martha Coolidge's romantic comedy about a Wisconsin univer-sity student who falls in love with one of her classmates, not realizing he's actually a Danish prince posing as a commoner.

Scooby-Doo 2: Monsters Unleashed P) Matthew Lillard, Sarah Michelle Gellar, Linda Cardellini and Freddie Prinze Ir. star in director Raja Gosnell's sequel to his 2002 hit, in which the Mystery, Inc. detec tive agency battles an evil scientist who has developed a machine that recreates the greatest foes from their past cases

Seducing Dr. Lewis (P) Raymond Bouchard, David Boutin and Benoît Brière star in director Jean-François Pouliot's warmhearted comedy about a group of locals who must convince a visiting doctor to become a permanent resident so that a lucrative new factory will be built in their tiny fishing village. In French with English subtitles

Starsky and Hutch (CO, FP) Ben tiller, Owen Wilson, Vince Vaughn and Snoop Dogg star in Old School director Todd Phillips's irreverent film version of the 1970s TV cop show about a pair of mis matched policemen who fight crime with the aid of their souped-up Ford Torino and their

omniscient street informer Huggy Bear.

Taking Lives (FP) Angelina Jolie, Ethan Hawke and Olivier Martinez star in The Salton Sea director D.J. Caruso's thriller about an FBI profiler on the trail of an elusive serial killer who assumes the lives and identities of each of his victims.

Walking Tall (CO, FP) The Rock, Johnny Knoxville and Neal McDonough star in All About the Benjamins director Kevin Bray's mod-emized re-imagining of the 1973 drive-in classic, in which an ex-member of the U.S. Army Special Forces makes it his mission to clean up his small hometown after a corrupt casino owner turns it into a drug-riddled cesspool.

The Whole Ten Yards (CO, FP) Bruce Willis, Matthew Perry, Natasha Henstridge, Amanda Peet and Kevin Pollak star in Grumpier Old Men director Howard Deutch's sequel to the 2000 comedy The Whole Nine Yards, in which domesticated hitman Jimmy the Tulip must come out of retirement to aid timid dentist Nicholas Oseransky when his wife is kidnapped by the Hungarian mob.

### EGEND

CO: Cineplex Odeon, 444-5468 EFS: Edmonton Film Society, 439-5285 FP: Famous Players

GA: Garneau Theatre, 433-0728 L: Leduc Cinema, 986-2728 M: Metro Cinema, 425-9212 P: Princess Theatre, 433-0728





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. 9828-101A Ave, Citadel Theatre, 425-9212	
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GRAVEYARD ALIVE Fn-Sal 9:00	STC
THE VANCOUVER MOUNTAIN FILM FESTIVAL Sun 7 00	STC
FARTHFUL WOMEN Mon 7 00	STC
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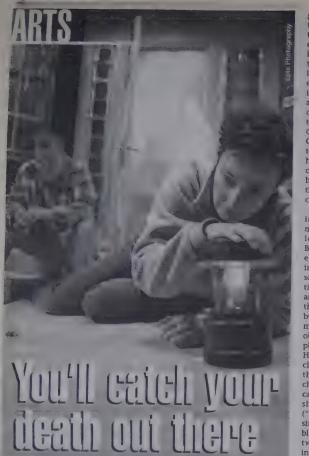
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Bring this ad to Leduc Cinemas for 2 for 1 Admission





A housebound family awaits the end of the world in DeLillo-esque All Clear

BY PAUL MATWYCHUK

You could say that in his new play All Clear, Eugene Stickland has devised kind of a bleak situation for his characters. It's so bleak, in fact, that the funniest line in the entire show occurs when Delaney Ford (John Wright) tells his teenaged son Bobby (Jesse Gervais), "Hang in there, kiddo. It's going to be okay.

Going to be okay. You see, Delaney and Bobby have barricaded themselves in their home along with Delaney's wife Maddie (Marianne Copithorne), his daughter Billie (Vanessa Holmes) and, er, "family friend" Braun (Brian Dooley) following an unexplained catastrophe that has unleashed a poisonous orange cloud upon the world. Leaving the house is impossible; in fact, Delaney spends much of his time obsessively checking the seal on all the plastic sheeting he's duct-taped to'the windows. The electricity is out, the cellphones don't work, the family is running out of food and Scotch, Maddie wants a divorce, the sound of distant explosions and sinister helicopters flying overhead keep rocking the neighbourhood

and Bobby's brief exposure to the toxic cloud has left him to wander the house rambling semi-autistically about *Maxim* magazine, Tide detergent and the colour orange. Yep, everything's going to be okay. Just hang in there, kiddo....

Stickland sets up a tense dramatic situation, but instead of staging lots of arguments or emotional break-

# THEATRE

downs, he takes a more oblique approach. The characters talk more to themselves than to each othermore often than not, people will quietly make their exit while someone else is still talking. No one in this play is a particularly good communicator: Bobby's brain damage makes him unable to get his thoughts across to anybody else; Billie keeps trying to contact her boyfriend Simon on her broken cellphone; Delaney has decided to become a poet, but so far hasn't been able to put a single word down on paper; and the periodic public safety announcements that crackle over the radio would probably be useless even if they weren't indecipherable.

WHEN I WROTE ABOUT All Clear last week, I said it contained echoes of Samuel Beckett, but after actually seeing it, its true cultural touchstone seems to be Don DeLillo—Stickland shares the pervasive atmosphere of dread, the sense of unknowable

geopolitical events impinging upon the lives of average North Americans, the families who talk without ever communicating that all appear in lots of DeLillo novels, and of course the orange cloud in All Clear seems like a cousin to the "airborne toxic event" that figured so prominently in White Noise. But Stickland also has a more offbeat, down-to-earth sense of humour than DeLillo, and some of the more memorable images in All Clear-Maddie savouring the last few Cheetos in the house, Delaney trying to snatch a few moments of peace for himself by stretching out on the couch and pulling a blanket over his head-have a grubby immediacy that's the opposite of DeLillo's often cryptic symbolism.

All Clear wanders most recklessly into DeLillo territory in Bobby's more involved soliloquies—these long, cosmic speeches in which Bobby tries, with great difficulty, to explain his new cloud-induced insights into brain chemistry, consciousness and the illusory nature of time. It feels as though both Bobby and Stickland are trying to say something important in these passages, but Gervais isn't quite able to communicate it—these passages feel too obviously like words that have been placed in an actor's mouth. Vanessa Holmes, meanwhile, gets to play a character whose concerns are anything but cosmic-Billie's such a child of the electronic age that she can't believe it when Braun suggests she read a book to pass the time. ("I'd kill to watch CNN right now," she grumbles.) Holmes could probably dial back the hysteria a notch or two, but she makes Billie's selfinvolvement quite amusing.

THE LOVE TRIANGLE between Wright, Dooley and Copithorne (who keeps making heartfelt but inevitably idle threats to leave her marriage and "walk out that front door") is the best part of the play. I like the way the three of them are able to coexist in this pressure-cooker environment and maintain a certain surface politeness even though they can't stand each other. Maddie may even be a little grateful to have the orange cloud outside their house; it prevents her from actually having to act on her threats and actually leave.

Special mention should also be made of Dave Clarke's innovative sound design, which uses amazingly atmospheric sound effects (sirens, explosions and a helicopter that sounds like it's right there in the theatre with you) and minimal music elements (mainly just a low pulse that fades in and out almost before you even notice it's there) that unobtrusively underscore the tense mood of this household. It gets under your skin, like toxic fog. And so does this play; Stickland intentionally doesn't resolve all the issues he raises, but I personally find something comforting in the idea that a play can show you the end of the world and still leave all sorts of questions dangling. @

ALL CLEAR

Directed by Bradley Moss • Written by Eugene Stickland • Starring John Wright, Marianne Copithome and Jesse Gervais • Roxy Theatre (10708-124 St) • 453-2440

# Best *Flute* forward



Royal Winnipeg Ballet conjures up an irreverent take on *The Magic Flute* 

BY CAITLIN CRAWSHAW

eviewers have called choreographer Mark Godden's recent work "bold" and "audacious," and judging by the rumous surrounding his ballet adaptation of Mozart's *The Magic Flute* for the Royal Winnipeg Ballet, he's been very cheeky indeed.

The choreographer of *Dracula*, the Royal Winnipeg Ballet's (RWB) 1998 hit (which Guy Maddin adapted into the celebrated film *Dracula*: *Pages From* 

a Virgin's Diary), has reteamed with costume designer Paul Daigle, and according to two

according to two of the production's dancers, audiences may be surprised by the humour both men have found in the material. In one scene, for instance, three plastic babies descend from the rafters into the arms of three ladies of the night below. (Godden refers to these harlots who sex up the ballet with push-up bras and seductive antics as "glamazons.")

"We sit there on stage—our backs are to the audience at that point—and the babies come down," says glamazon Vanessa Lawson, an Edmonton-born first soloist with the RWB who will also be performing as Pamina in one of the two Edmonton shows. "And every time I'm sitting there, I hear whispers from the audience, people saying 'Oh my goodness!' I always have a little giggle as I'm facing the other way."

Godden uses humour as a means of updating the classic opera for a modern sensibility, says Lawson. For instance, in the original, Tamino (the male hero on a quest to rescue the daughter of the Queen of the Night) fights the draw of a serpent; in Godden's version, he must resist the pull of a television set. Numerous other props and costuming choices were also made with a modern audience in mind.

"WITHOUT THE AUDIENCE you have nothing," says Edmonton-born Darren Anderson, a dancer who, unusually, began his training at Vic-

toria School of the Performing Arts at 18. He's currently part of the corps de ballet in the RWP, having finished a three-year stint with the Cincinnati Ballet. After his experiences touring throughout the U.S., Canada and Europe, Anderson has come to believe that many choreographers struggle with maintaining the energy level and interest of audiences.

"You can be true to yourself and you don't have to sell out," he says, "but you also have to try to appeal to every different level—from the children to the seniors, or people who've gone to the ballet for years, and people who are going for the first time. And I think using comical stuff, it keeps the energy level up and kind of keeps it fresh for them instead of just sitting there in the stale air, kind of thinking.

'When's this going to be over?' Which tends to happen, unfortunately, with

a lot of full-length ballets especially. We're lucky in this company, because in most of our full-length ballets the energy keeps going, but in Cincinnati and in other ballet companies I've seen, like in New York, I sit there thinking, "This is so boring!"

Which is a shame, considering how ballet offers artists a very different means of telling a story. To Anderson, ballet's visceral qualities make it an artform audiences can connect with in a unique way. "I think with dance, because it is our body, it's something that everybody can relate to," he says. "Because everyone can go out to a club and dance. Not everyone can pick up a violin and play a violin."

Lawson agrees, and hopes that unusual productions like *The Magic Flute* gives the layperson further incentive to relocate from the couch to the theatre. "Right now," she says, "TV is so popular and everybody is used to seeing a story told directly to them with all of the dialogue, with all of the visual aspects, with everything right there, in their face. So it doesn't leave much to the imagination. Whereas with dance, it leaves a lot more to the imagination."

THE MAGIC FLUTE

Choreographed by Mark Godden • Presented by the Royal Winnipeg Ballet • Jubilee Auditorium • Fri-Sat, Apr 16-17 • 428-6839/451-8000

# The poster boys for cool posters

Designers Webb, Biesinger and Bell lead a low-tech image revolution

BY AGNIESZKA MATEJKO

and state amidst the thick layers of ads that line every pole and bill-board in town lies a quiet revolution. It's not the kind of revolution that wields grenades—in fact, you wouldn't even notice it unless you knew what to look for. But if you peruse carefully among the multitude of digitized, pixelated, solarized, texturized and diffused posters,

there are a few that will make you smile with their mischie-

vous simplicity.

They're the work of a group of menerging designers—namely, Matt Webb, Lyle Bell and Raymond Blesinger—who are in the forefront of a worldwide movement to change the impersonal, computerized face of design. They are not technologically inept Luddites. These designers belong to the first computer-savvy generation, a generation so comfortable with technology that they are no longer smitten with it. "All of us are very comfortable with

technology," Webb says. "It's a conscious choice to reject the aesthetic. I have an aversion to what's produced with new technology. When it first comes out, people are fixated on the novelty of new technology. We're trying to create an aesthetic that is the antithesis of this." The trio has put together an exhibition of their work. But Social Justice Now! 23 Posters That Don't Use Impact or Comic Sans is more than a show; it's a manifesto.

Webb, Bell and Biesinger seem to have been destined to meet. For one thing, all three are musicians, part of Edmonton's underground, alternative music scenes. "[These are] bands and musicians that aren't playing music to become successful and make money," Webb says. "It's for the love of music. It's more of a compulsion." In fact, one of the reasons they were drawn to design in the first place was that posters for music gigs were woefully inadequate. "I would get promotional material from clubs and it was so bad," Webb says. "I didn't feel much pride handing people handbills that were uninspiring. We have a vested interest in the way that the local music scene is represented."

But it wasn't the music that brought them together—it was seeing each other's posters around town. "I saw Raymond's stuff on the street and said, 'That's cool!' and vice versa," Webb says. Their designs had an antihigh-tech feel inspired in part by www.gigposters.com, a Calgary-based online archive that allowed these young designers to see what was being done all over the world. "We were able to see what's happening in San Francisco, Montreal and places where interesting design is coming out," Webb says. "Seeing this amazing stuff, I didn't know that there were people out there investing so much time into doing concert posters." Interestingly, many of the designers they admired so much were

# **VISUAL ARTS**

musicians themselves. They had another important thing in common, too: their work may have been done on a computer, but it retained the expressive, low-tech immediacy of Depression-era posters, Polish and

THIS CIVIL TWILIGHT

posters.com] is screen printed. You don't see much of that around town." Why would Biesinger, Bell and Webb go to all of this effort to disguise the computer-savvy look that nearly every poster in town is so proud to display? "It seems cold and clinical—it doesn't have the same warmth a screen-print has," Webb explains with palpable enthusiasm. When I see a screen-print, I want to feel it, I'm compelled to touch it."

It's an ironic twist of fate that the first computer generation (the one the rest of us Luddites count on to fix our perennial computer problems) is the very generation to question our love affair with pressing buttons to obtain slick designs. Biesinger, Webb and Bell may well





French posters, maybe even the idiosyncratic power of Russian propaganda poster fonts. "That's what I was drawn towards," explains Webb. "Things that looked like outsider art."

BOTH WEBB AND BELL have experimented with the old-fashioned screen-printing techniques of the pre-computer era. "I was able to set up a press in my basement," Webb says. "A lot of the stuff [on gig-

ignite a visual revolution—and if they succeed, perhaps technology will finally step down from the altar we have collectively put it on and make way for the human touch.  $\Theta$ 

> SOCIAL JUSTICE NOW! 23 POSTERS THAT DON'T USE IMPACT OR COMIC SANS

By Matt Webb, Raymond Biesinger and Lyle Bell • Muddy Waters • April 23-June 18





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### BY PAUL MATWYCHUK

### A Baker's dozen

Usually when Citadel artistic director Bob Baker makes his official announcement of the upcoming season's plays, he likes to indulge in a little showmanship for the TV cameras. One year, he brought Audrey II, the man-eating plant from Little Shop of Horrors, onstage next to him to sing "If Ever I Would Leave You" from the upcoming production of Camelot. Once, John Ullyatt and Pamela Gordon drove onto

the stage in a hot rod to sing a preview number from *Grease*. Last year, he took the entire press corps backstage to make his announcement, offering them a rare glimpse of the Citadel's innermost recesses.

This year, however, Baker offered no gimmicks, no special effects, no ballad-crooning houseplants or hip-thrusting Ullyatts and instead he let his 2004-2005 lineup speak for itself. Perhaps that's simply a reflection of his confidence in the upcoming season, which I think is the strongest group of plays Baker has programmed in his six years at the Citadel helm. He's lined up 13 productions for next year-three kids' plays, six mainstage shows, another series of three "edgier" productions in the smaller Rice Theatre space and Baker's sui generis production of A Christmas Carol, with playwright Tom Wood doing his fifth run as Ebenezer Scrooge. Three of the 13 plays are world premieres of new scripts by Edmonton writers, a very

gratifying total by any standard.

Of those three premieres, the one with the highest pedigree is probably Shakespeare's Will (February 1-20), Vern Thiessen's follow-up to his Governor-General Award-winning Einstein's Gift, which premiered at the Citadel two seasons ago. (Thiessen denies he's working on some kind of trilogy about famous geniuses handing over their possessions, but one wonders if Picasso's Tax Return can be very far away.) Will is a one-woman show in which Jan Alexandra Smith plays Anne Hathaway, the neglected wife to whom Shakespeare famously bequeathed nothing more than his "best bed" after he died. Rounding out the Rice series are Charles Ludlam's lunatic horror romp The Mystery of Irma Vep (April 12-May 1), starring John Ullyatt and Wade Lynch, and Edward Albee's Tony-winning The Goat, or Who Is Sylvia? (November 9-28), a black comedy about bestiality which all those sensitive theatregoers who walked out of

Betty's Summer Vacation a few seasons ago might want to avoid as well.

The line between the "edgy" Rice shows and the "softer" mainstage shows is blurrier than usual this year, thanks to shows like Charlotte Jones's irreverent gloss on Hamlet, Humble Boy (May 7-29) and Mary Zimmerman's Metamorphoses (February 12-March 6), an adaptation of Ovid's classic tales of transformation staged in and around an enormous swimming pool. I saw the original Broadway production of Metamorphoses when I was in New York last summer and was greatly impressed with it-it's more spectacle than substance, but it contains some absolutely beautiful moments and it's exciting to see the Citadel being so enterprising about bringing this show to Edmonton so soon after its original run.

Two other imaginative transpositions of classic plays pop up on the Citadel mainstage next season with Leonard Bernstein and Stephen Sondheim's musical take on Romeo and Juliet, West Side Story (january 22-February 20) and Tom Wood's Vanya (March 19-April 10), which relocates Chekhov's bittersweet comedy onto the Alberta prairie. It's a season of meaty roles for Wood; in addition to playing Vanya and Scrooge, he also turns up as Big Daddy in the season-opening production of Tennessee Williams's Cat on a Hot Tin Roof (September 25-October 17), with Jan Alexandra Smith as Maggie and John Ullyatt as Brick. The mainstage season is completed by the most conventionally crowd-pleasing show on the schedule, Shirley Valentine (October 30-November 21), in which Nicola Cavendish recreates her award-winning performance as a British woman on a revitalizing trip to Greece.

The Citadel's third world premiere, along with Shakespeare's Will and Vanya, is Mark Haroun's children's play A Giraffe in Paris (March 8-20), based on the true story of a young Egyptian prince who visits the court of the French king and brings the titular animal in tow as a gift. The other shows in the KidsPlay series are I Met a Bully on the Hill (October 6-17) and Muncha Buncha Munsch (April 16-May 1), the latest collection of Robert Munsch stories to be dramatized by Kim McCaw, who's got to be running out of stories to adapt by now. Ovid, Shakespeare, Chekhov, Munsch-as theatrical muses go, that's not too shabby a list.

### **Cuisine but not heard**

The Last Supper of Antonin Carême · Catalyst Theatre · To Apr 18 · reVUE Antonin Carême's fame derives from his reign as the most decadent chef in all of France. He was at once frivolous and yet deadly serious, creating obsessively detailed historical tableaux out of almond paste and spun sugar and building towering, elaborate desserts that were designed to be eaten in front of even more towering, even more elaborate centrepieces. And yet he was also a famous stickler for precise measurements and carefully worded recipes who spent much of his leisure time (when he wasn't whipping up meals for the most illustrious Europeans of the 19th century) designing kitchen implements that make the cre-



ation of his edible artwork into even more of a science.

Curiously, it's this most colourful period of his life—as the toast of European cuisine, the so-called "king of chefs and chef of kings"-that the Old Trout Puppet Workshop nearly completely omits from The Last Supper of Antonin Carême. Instead, most of the play takes place within an austere Parisian bakery run by an old, slowmoving cook who adopts the 10-yearold Carême when he is abandoned by his poverty-stricken father. The play is nearly wordless (what little dialogue there is consists mostly of recipes and grunted revolutionary slogans); mostly, we watch in silence as Carême grows to manhood and eventually rejects his mentor's philosophy of simple food simply prepared in order to make his fortune at court. It's an impressionistic play, not a plot-driven one, and it features some magical images-particularly the miniature stage that's inset within the larger one and which shows the street outside the bakery. (The Trouts use these twin stages to create some clever split-screen effects; we frequently see tiny puppets go through a door on the small stage at the same time that larger versions of the same characters enter the big stage.)

But unfortunately, these lovely sights aren't enough to make The Last Supper an emotionally nourishing play. Having interviewed one of the show's creators, I know that the Trouts were interested in using Carême's life to explore the notion of the artist's pursuit of the "sublime"; the title and subtitle of the show (A Culinary Theology) and the angel imagery that runs through the play suggest that they see a religious dimension to this story as well. But it's all presented so elliptically that I was left feeling more perplexed than moved. Audiences who neglect to read the biography of Carême included in their programs will probably be even more baffled.

As always, the detailed craftsmanship the Trouts have poured into the sets and the puppets is impeccable, and the show may be worth seeing just to savour it on a visual level. But meals are meant to be tasted, and for me *The* Last Supper of Antonin Carême feels like it's missing a key ingredient.



ax your free listings to 426-2889 or e-mail ther

### DANCE

THE MAGIC FLUTE Jubilee Auditorium, 11455-87 Ave (428-6839/451-8000) • Royal Winnipeg Ballet production with choreography by Mark Godden. Music by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart • Apr. 16-17 (gpm) • Tickett available at Alberta Ballet, TicketMaster

RODA DE CAPOEIRA The Capoeira Academy,

w.capoeiraedmonton.ca • A free performance zilian mix of dance, martial arts and percus-

### GALLERIES/MUSEUMS

ALBERTA CRAFT COUNCIL GALLERY 10186106 St (488-6611/4808-5900) \* Open Mon-Sat,
10am-Spm, Thu 10am-Spm (closed all hols) \*
MARING MUSIC Handmade musical instruments;
unit May 1 \* Discovery Gallery: MAGE SERVE Sy
Martha Henny; until May 16; opening reception:
St, Apr. 17 (2-4pm) \* A WOMAN'S PLACE Textiles
by Sanna Kaiser; until May 16; opening reception: by Sanna Kaiser; until Sat, Apr. 17 (2-4pm)

ART BEAT GALLERY 26 St. Anne Street, St. Albert (459-3679) • OUR WAY OF SEEING THINGS: Watercolour paintings by Mel Heath, Fran Heath, Karen Findlay; until May 1

ARTSHAB STUDIO GALLERY 3rd Floor, Knol Building, 10277-106 St (423-2966) Open Thu 5-8pm or by appointment \* Artworks by Ryan Brown, Jeff Collins, Aaron Pederson, Tim Rechner, Paul Roberts, Sabriela Rosende, Greg Swain, Anna Szul, Eugene Uhuad and guests

CENTRE D'ARTS VISUELS DE L'ALBERTA 9103-CENTRE D'ARTY VISUELS DE L'ALBERT A 9103-95 Ave (461-3427) • FACES PLACES AND SPACES: Artworks by Doris Charest, Léanne Carrobourg, Mélanie Carroué, Monika Dery, Linda Cuyler, and Danielle Morency • Apr. 16-28 • Opening recep-tion: Apr. 16 (7-8:30pm)

CETY HALL Sir Winston Churchill Sq • Artworks by the Edmonton Art Club • Apr. 20-May 3 • Opening reception and Kiwanis Music Festival: Tue, Apr. 20 (7pm)

DOUGLAS UDELL GALLERY 10332-124 St (488-444S) • SPRING SHOW: Artworks by gallery artists • Until Apr. 17

EDMONTON ART CALLERY 2 Sir Winston Churchill Sq (422-6223) • Open Tue-Wed and Fri 10:30am-5pm; Thu 10:30am-5pm; Sat, Sun 11am-5pm. Closed Mon • MAXWELL BATES: AT THE CROSSROADS OF EXPRESSIONISM: Until Apr. 10 • Ken Macklin; until June 6 • REL IN OTES: Artworks by the O'Flanagan brothers; until June 6 • ALL IN ONE DAY SUNDAY: Sun, Apr. 18 • ARTISTS IN DIA-LOCUE: Tour with artists Lyndal Osborne and John Freeman: Tidel Tours: Yun And 18 Cham • ART LOGUE: Tour with arists Lyndal Osborne and John Freeman: Tidal Trace; Sun, Apr. 18 († pm) » ART FOR LUNCH: EAG Theatre; Thu, Apr. 29 » WSIT WITH ARTISTS: Silide presentation by Sheila Luck; Thu, Apr. 29 († pm) » Ritchen Gallery: TIDAL TRACE: A multimedia installation by Lyndal Osborne and John Freeman; until June 6 » Children's Gallery: SPELIBOUND; until Jan. 2005 » 88 (adulty/Sc Gutwelntysion), 34 (children 6-12)/free (member/children 5 and under)

ELECTRUM DESIGN STUDIO 12419 Stony Plain Rd (482-1402) • Open Tue-Fri 10am-5pm; Sat 10am-4pm • THE DANCE; • Pastels by Pamela Copeland • Until May 1 EXTENSION CENTRE GALLERY 2nd FL 8303-112

St • FACE TO FACE: Mixed media artworks by Wendy Rao • Apr. 17-28 • Opening reception Fri, Apr. 16 (6-9pm)

FAB GALLERY Room 1-1, Fine Arts Building, 112 St, 89 Ave, U of A Campus (492-2081) • Open Tue-Fri 10am-5pm; Sat 2pm-5pm • DESIGNOLO-GY: Bachelor of design grad show; Until Apr. 17

FORT DOOR 10308-81 Ave (432-7535) • Open Mon-Wed 10am-6pm, Thu-Fri 10am-9pm; Sal 10am-6pm; Sun 12-5pm • Eskimo soapstone carvings, caribou by H. Islaunik. Indian and Eskimo silver and gold jewellery by B. Wilson Through April

FRINGE GALLERY Bsmt 10516 Whyte Ave (432-0240) • Open Mon-Sat 9:30am-6pm • PRESERVE. Photomontage works by Paul Freeman • Until

GALLERY DE JONGE 27022A Hwy 16A, Spruce Grove (962-9505) • Open Tue-Sun 11-5pm, any-time by appointment • Work by local artists Beth Coulas, Earl Cummins, Henry de Jager and Mary

GIORDANO GALLERY 10080 Jasper Ave (429-5066) • SPRING SHOW 2004: Artworks by Canadian artists • Until Apr. 21

HARCOURT HOUSE 10215-112 St (426-4180) • Open Mon-Fri 10am-Sprn; Sat 12-49m • INCAR-NATION: Photographs by Vancouver artist Susan Bozz; until May 1 • Front Room: FROM THE INSIDE OUT: Artworks by Tandie McLeod; until

JEFF ALLEN ART GALLERY Strathcona Place Senior Centre, 10831 University Ave (433-5807) • Open Mon-Fri 9am-4pm • Watercolours by Joyce

JOHNSON GALLERY 7711-85 St (465-6171) \*
Open: Mon-Fri 9am-5:30pm, Sat 9am-5pm \*
Artworks by Dave Ripley, Myrel Steen, Meta
Ranger, Bizabeth Hibbs, Marion Barker and George
Webber. Bronzes by Gina McDougall-Cohoe
Through April

JOHNSON GALLERY 11817-80 St (479-8424) • Open Mon-Fri 9:30am-5:30pm; Sat 9:30am-4pm \* Artworks by Wendy Risdale, Jim Painter. Prints by Myles MaDonald. Bronzes by Gina McDougall-Cohoe • Through April

MACEWAN CENTRE FOR THE ARTS 10045-156 St (497-4322) • BLINK: Fine Art Graduates exhibition presented by Grant MacEwan College • Apr. 24-29 • Opening reception: Sat, Apr. 24 (7-9pm)

McMULLEN GALLERY U of A Hospital, 8440-112 St (407-7152) • ALECARY Paintings and sculptures by Annette Ayre, Carol Hill, Pat Di Marcello, ingrid Martel, Mary Topping, Jayne Willoughby Scott and Mary Wright • Until June 20 • Opening reception: Thu, Apr. 15 (7-9pm, tentative)

MCPAG MULTICULTURAL PUBLIC ART GALLERY 5411-51 St, Stony Plain (963-2777) •
Open 10am-4pm • PULSE-A NORTHERN ALBERTA
DRAWING EXHIBITION • Until May 4

MUSÉE HÉRITAGE MUSEUM 5 St. Anne Street, st. Albert (459-1528) • Open Mon-Sat 10am-5pm; Sun 1-5pm • INUKSUK: IF STONES COULD SPEAK: Until Apr. 18

PROFILES PUBLIC ART GALLERY 19 Person Street, St. Albert (460-4310) \* Open Tuc-Sat 10-Spm; Thu 10am-Spm \* HIDDEN TALENTS IV Artworks by participants of St. Albert's Community Services art Classes, Apr. 15-30; opening reception: Thu Apr. 15 (7-9pm) \* ARTVENTURES: Sat, Apr. 17 (1-4pm); 32 (per child)

PROVINCIAL MUSEUM OF ALBERTA 12845-102 Ave (453-9100) • Open: Sat-Thu-9am-5pm, Fri 9am-9pm • THROUGH THE EYE OF THE NEEDLE:

Embroldery traditions and high craftsmanship of women from Guijazat, India; until June 6 \* IN THE SHADOW OF VOLCANOES Indonessan areworks, until June 6 \* BIG THINGS 2 - Featuring large-scale sculptures by the artists of the North Edmanton Sculpture Workshop; until Jan 3 \* SYNCRUDE CANADA ABORIGINAL PEOPLES CALLERY Spann 1,000 water and 500 generations consoled of the

CANADA ABORICIMAL PEOPLES CALLERY Spans
1,000 years and 500 generations, people of the
past and present, recordings, film, legits, artifacts
and more. Premanent exhibit - 3-pottight.
Gallery: EVERY MOTHER'S FAR: ALBERTA'S POLIO
EXPERIENCE until spen; 12 - Orientation
Gallery: ALBERTA NATURES CAPES. Photographs by
Michael Chesworth, until Apr. 25 - The Natural
Mistory Gallery: a BUC ROOM: Live inventebrate
display. Permanent exhibit - TREABLANDES OF
THE EARTH' Ceology collection, Permanent exhibit
WIED ALBERTA CALLERY Permanent exhibit - WIED ALBERTA CALLERY Permanent exhibit - Apr. 23 (23 3)gm) - A Widenress Experience
Unexpected discoveries about the Whitebork Pine
with Roxy Hastings; Apr. 25 - TIME TRAVELLER'S
LECTURE SERIES: - Sailors in Paradise—The Lost
Voyage of HMS Pandore with Peter Gener, Apr. 15 Voyage of HMS Pandora with Peter Cesner, Apr. 15

On Dry Land–Detecting Drought in Alberta's Past with Dr. Alwynne B. Beaudoin; Apr. 22 o Carved in Stone–The Rise and Fall of the Great Stone Statues of Easter Island with lack Brink: Apr. 29

RED STRAP ART MARKET 10305-97 St (497-2211) • Open: Tue-Sun 11am-Spm • Artworks

RIGOLETTO'S CAFÉ 10068-108 St . AIDA TO

SCOTT GALLERY 10411-124 St (488-3619) •
Open Tue-Sat 10am-5pm • CANADIAN TRAVELS
Landscape and still life paintings by Phyllis
Anderson • Apr. 17-May 4 • Opening reception:

SAMP, CALLERY 10137-104 St. (423-1492) \* Open Tue-Sat (12-5pm) \* READING THE HOMESTEAD: Printmaking artwords by Datelere Kallynka\* Until Apr. 17 \* HOW TO BECOME A MIRROR: SNAP membership show; Apr. 22-May 22; opening reception: Thu, Apr. 22 (7-9pm)

SNOWBIRD GALLERY WEM, 8882-170 St (444-1024) • Work by J. Yardley-jones and Gregg Johnson, acrylics by Jim Vest, pottery by Noburo Kubo and Jacqueline Stenberg

STANLEY A. MILNER LIBRARY Centre for Reading and the Arts \* MILLENNIUM IN A BOX: Handmade books, a conceptual interpretation of where the millennium is leading by Canadian artists, Presented by the Edmonton Public Library, Centre for Reading and the Arts, until June 30 e \* THE ART OF ITHE BOOK: Art Stiff speaks about the traditional craft of bookbinding; Sun, May 2 (Zpm)

STUDIO GALLERY 143 Grandin Park Plaza, St. Albert (460-5990) • Open: Tue-Fri 10am-Spm, Sat-10am-4pm, or by appt • WESTERN SPACE: Artworks by Bruce Thompson, Doug Fraser and Bruce Allen • Until Apr. 30

VAAA GALLERY 3rd Fl, Harcourt House, 10215-112 St (421-1731) • CLAY CREATES CULTURE. Alberta Potters' Association Juried Membership Exhibition: Clay works by members of the Alberta Potters' Association • Until May 1

VANDERLEELIE GALLERY 10183-112 St (452-0286) • Open: Tue-Sat 11am-Spm • SHOREMILE: Photo-realist landscape paintings by Barbara Hirst . Until Apr. 27

WESTMOUNT JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL GYMNA-SIUM 11125-131 St (473-3969) • ANNUAL WOOL CARVING SHOW: Carvings featuring works by Northern Alberta Woodcarvers Association • Sat, Apr. 17 (10am-5pm); Sun, Apr. 18 (10am-5pm)

THE WORKS GALLERY Commerce Place, Main Fl, 10150 Jasper Ave (426-2122 ext. 226) • Open: Mon-Fri 12-5pm • FEVER LINES: 25 YEARS OF GRAPHIC SOCIAL SATIRE: Artworks by the Inx

### LITERARY

**AUDREVS BOOKS** 10702 Jasper Ave (423-3487) Hudson reading from her new boo A Woman's Life on the Street; Thu

BACKROOM VODKA BAR 201, 10324-82 Ave • Mumbo Jumbo. A word circus presented by the Raving Poets • Every Tue (8pm) until August

STANLEY A. MILNER LIBRARY Centre to Reading and the Arts • Ralling on: The Story of the Amazing Gary McPherson: Presented by Gerald Hankins, the U of A Press, the Edmonton Public Audrey's Books, Gary McPherson . Sat,

of Spring: Featuring lan Adam, Adanm Dickinson, presented by the League of Canadian Poets with Mark Edwards and Laurie Dunnigan (flute and gui tar misic) • Thu, Apr. 22 (6:30pm door)

### LIVE COMEDY

ARTS BARNS Westbury Theatre, 10330-84 Ave ART'S BARN'S Westbury Theatre, 10330-84 Ave (420-1575) • An Evening of Political Cornectly Political cornectly Political cornectly Political cornectly presented by the Parkland Institute featuring Greg Malone, Ben Sures and Three Dead Trolls in a Baggie in Damned, Drained and Hose'd \* Thu, Apr. 22 (Bogm) \* \$70 (adult)/\$15 (student/low income) \* Tickets available at Audrey's, Volumer IB Books, Earth'S Center Store, The Parkland Institute, TIX on the Square

THE COMEDY FACTORY 3414 Gateway Boulevard (469-4999) • David Gray; Apr. 15-17 •Chris Warren; Apr. 22-24 • Roger Peltz; Apr. 29-

FARGO'S 10307-82 Ave (433-4526) • improv comedy • Every Sun

LEGENDS PUB 6104 172 St (481-2786) • Comedy Mondays With Yuk Yuks on Tour

RED'S WEM (481-6420) • Hypno Sundays •

### THEATRE

ALL CLEAR The Roxy, 10708-124 St (453-2440) • Presented by Theatre Network • Bradley Moss directs John Wright, Marianne Copithorne, Brian Dooley, Jesse Gervais and Vanessa Holmes in A Guide to Mourning playwright Eugene Stickland's futuristic drama about a family struggling to stave off despair after a global disaster destroys nearly every jast remnant of curlization • Until Apr. 18; Tue-Sat (Bpn.), Sun (2pm) • \$18/515 • Tickets available at Roxy Theatre box office

available at Nosy means box office.

CAROUSE, Mayfield Dinner Theatre, Mayfield Dinner Theatre, Mayfield Dinner Theatre, Mayfield Inn, 16615-109 Ave (483-4051) \* Rodgers and Hammerstein's tearjerking musical adaptation of Ferent Molnar's play Illim, about an irresponsible carnival barker who is allowed to return from the dead for one day and try to repair the lives of the wife and teenaged daughter he left behind \* Apr. 23-light \* o' Tickets available at Mayfield Dinner Theatre box office

CHIMPROV! Varscona Theatre, 10329-83 Ave (448-0695) • Long-form improvisational sketches performed by Rapid Fire Theatre's top improvisers • Every Sat (11pm) except last Sat of each month

DIE-NASTY Varscona Theatre, 10329-83 Ave (448-0695) \* Jeff Hasiam, Stephanie Wolfe, Mark Meer, Josh Dean, Davina Stewart and Leona Brausen cele-brate the 13th season of Edmonton's legendary live improvised soap opera by spoofing the '50s melo-dramas of Douglas Sirk and Grace Metalious \* Every Monday (8pm)

THE LAST SUPPER OF ANTONIN CARÉME Catalyst Theatre, 8529-103 St (420-1757) • Performed by The Old Trout Puppet Workshop • Until Apr. 18, Wed-Sun (8pm) • \$21 (adult)/\$16

(student/senior) . Tickets available at TIX on the

Square

LATER LIBE Varscona Theatre, 10329-83 Ave (4345564/420-1757) \* Presented by Shadow Theatre \*
John Hudson directs Michele Brown, Dawid Ley,
Davina Stewart and John Sproule in *The Dinning*Room piaywright A.B. Cumery's rueful
comedy/drama about a pessimistic middle-aged
man who strikes up a conversation with an old,
flame at a party and begins wondering if rekinding
their romance is still a possibility \* Apr. 22-May 8
\* Preview (Apr. 21, Bpm) 58; Tue (Bpm), \$10,
Wed, Thu (Bpm), \$un (2pm); \$15/\$12
(student/senior); Eni-Sat (Bpm); \$20/\$15 (
student/senior); Sat (2pm), pay-what-you-can \* (student/senior); Sat (2pm), pay-what-you-can a Tickets available at TIX on the Square

OH SUSANNA SALUTES RODGERS AND HAM OH SUSANNA SALUTES RODGERS AND HAM-MERSTEIN VARSOON THEATE, 0132-98 A We (433-3399) - A special edition of Edmonton's live Euro-syle talk show, during which host Susanna Patchouli and co-host Eros, God of Love, welcome performances by cast members from local produc-tions of Corausel, The Sound of Music and South Pacific \* Sat. Apr. 17 (11pm)

THE PIRATE GHOST OF CAPTAIN SMUG
Celebrations Dinner Theatre, Oasis Entertainment
Hotel, 13103 Fort Rid (448-9339) \* The crew of
the pirate ship Scurry sets sall in search of buried
treasure in this swashbuckling adventure, packed
with music, swordfights and mermaids \* Unball
May 9, Wed-Sat (615pm), Sun (5:15pm) \*
Tickets range from \$34.95-\$49.95/\$20 (children
12 and under)

ROMEO AND JULIET La Cité francophone, 8627 Rue Marie-Anne Gaboury (435-8542) » Presented by Sound and Fury Theatre » Director Heather Fitzsimmons-Frey gives Shakespeare's classic tragedy about a pair of young lovers caug middle of a bitter family feud a Latin twist in this production, which transposes the action from Verona to 1930s Brazil and is influenced by the Brazilian art of capoiera \* Apr. 15-May 2. Thu-Sat (8pm); Sun matiness (2pm) \* \$14 (adult)/\$12 (student/senior); Sun matiness \*Pay-What-You-Can (door) \* Tickets available at TIX on the Square

SHEAR MADNESS Mayfield Dinner Theatre Mayfield Inn, 16615-109 Ave (483-4051) wackly interactive murder mystery about an Edmonton hairdressing salon that is turned upside-down when the illustrious concert pianist who lives in the apartment upstairs is murdered • Until Apr. 18

THE SOUND OF MUSIC The Citadel, Shoctor Theatre, 9828-101A Ave (425-1820) • Tom Wood directs Rodgers and Hammerstein's beloved family musical about the romance that blossoms between an embionally frigid Austrian barron and the non-conformist, guitas-strumming run he hires to act governess for his seven children • Apr. 24-May 23 • Tickets available at Citadel Theatre box office

23 \* Tickets available at Chadel Theatre box office THE SVENIAGA TREE The Citadel, Rice Theatre, 9828-1014 Ave (425-1820) \* Liisa Repo-Martell 1919; 23 different roles in Pamela Gien's acclaimed one-woman coming-of-age play, which examines the under South Africa's apartheid government through the eyes of a British gart growing up in Johannesburg during the '60's, and '70's • Until Apr. 18 \* Tickets available at Citadel Theatre box office

THEATRESPORTS Varsona Theatre, 10329-83
Ave (448-0695) • Presented by Rapid fire TRÖ®Fe
Fearms of improvisers create sketches on the spot
based on audience suggestions, and have the
results evaluated by a team of hearless judges •
Every Fin (11pm) • Tickets available by phone

WHERE THE WILD THINGS ARE THE Citadel, Rice Theatre, 982.8-101A Ave (425-1820) « Clasgow's TAC Theatre presents their acclaimed stage version of Maurice Sendak's beloved chiefeen's book about a boy who dreams of being crowned king of the monaters after he is sent to bed without dniner \* Apr. 28-May 9 \* \$15 (adult)/\$12 (child) \* Tickets available at Citadel

# ENTS WEEKLY

Fax your free listings to 426-2889 or e-mail them to listings⊕vue.ab.ca. Deadline is Friday at 3 nm

### CLUBS/LECTURES

ADDRESSING AIDS Centennial Room, Stanley Milner Library (492-3080) • A panel of speakers explores domestic and international strategies for addressing global HIV/AIDS and the ramifications of current Canadian HIV/AIDS related foreign policy • Thu, Apr. 15 (7-9pm) • Free

AGAINST HIV-AIDS Faculty St. Jean, 8406 Marie-Anne Cabour, 91 St, Rm 3-18 (719-7708) \* Learn to help people with HIV/AIDS, presented by the Madeleine Sanam Foundation (organization for the Emancipation and autonomy of African women) \* Arr. 17 (2am-5pm) \* \$50 (non-member)/tree (member); \$10 (membership cost) \* Pre-register

BUDDHIST MEDITATION 10762 Whyte Ave (437-3688) \* Lojong (mind training) tape series present-ed by the Karma Tashi Ling Tibetan Buddhist Meditation Society \* Every Wed (7:30pm)

**BUILDING THE FUTURE CONFERENCE** Chateau

Louis Conference Centre (414-1624) • Panel discus sions, speakers, art and dance workshops and dance symposium presented by the Ukrainian Canadian Congress • Apr. 23-24

THE CONTRIBUTIONS OF RELIGIOUS TRADI-TIONS TO CIVIL SOCIETY U of A Conference Centre, Lister Centre (413-6159) • A Jewish-Christian-Muslim dialogue presented by the Edmonton Interfaith Centre for Education and Action . Thu, Apr. 22 . \$30 (adult)/\$15 (student)

CREATING WALKABLE COMMUNITIES! Grant-MacEwan College, City Centre Campus, CN Conference Theatre, Rm 5-142 (406-8530) ° Lecture presented by Dan Burden ° Thu, Apr. 22 (7-9pm) ° Free

ECAWAR (EDMONTON COALITION AGAINST WAR AND RACISM) Mennonite Centre for Newcorners, 101, 10010-107A Ave (988-2713) • Public meeting • Sun, Apr. 18 (7pm)

EDMONTON JUNG FORUM + Provincial Museum Auditorium, 12845-102 Ave; Good and Evil and the Jungian Concept of Shadow, lecture presented by Mario Jacoby; Tuc, Apr. 20 (7pm); \$25 (adv)/\$30 (door); tickets available at Greenwoods'

Bookshoppe • **Provincial Museum Cafeteria**; dinner and roundtable discussion with Mario Jacoby, Wed, Apr. 21 (6:30pm); \$60 (adv); tickets available at Creenwoods' Bookshoppe

at Greenwoods Booksonppe

HIBLESTORY F. JANNING, AND TRYLL DEMAITMENT F. Glenora Elementary School
gym, 13520-102 Ave (496-6-117) Public meeting to
discuss the proposed zoning bylaw amendment and
potential amendment to the Groat Estates
implementation Plan, Ward 4; Mon, Apr. 19 (Zpm)
The King's University College, Artium, 912550 St (496-6-212) Public meeting to discuss the proposed amendment to the South East Industrial Area;
Thu, Apr. 22 (7:30-9pm)

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FAIR TRADE CONCEPTS (439-8349) www.tenk-housandvillages.com \* Presentation by Stacey Toews, educating consumers on making ethical choices, presented by Ten Thousand Villages \* Foods for Health, 6523-111 St. Apr. 17 (3pm) \* Change for Children, 221, 9624-108 Avr. Apr. 18 (7pm) \* Organic Roots Food Marker, 8225-112 St. Apr. 18 (noon) \* The Big Fresh, 12120 lasper Avr. Apr. 18 (2pm) \* Lendrum Mennonite
Brethren Church, 11220-59 Avr. Apr. 18 (7pm) \* Grace United Church, 613-104 Avr. Apr. 19 (7pm) \* Holyrood Mennonite, 9505-79 St. Apr. FAIR TRADE CONCEPTS (439-8349) www.tent20 (7pm) • Revelations Book Co-operative, 144, 4211-106 St; Apr. 21 (7pm) • Ten Thousand Villages, 10432-82 Ave; Apr. 22 (3:30pm) • Ten Thousand Villages, 10432-82 Ave; Apr. 22 (7pm) • Free , donations to Fair Trade Concepts

A JEWISH, CHRISTIAN, MUSLIM DIALOGUE Lister Centre, U of A (413-6159) • Thu, Apr. 22 (8am-5pm) • \$30 (adult)/\$15 (student), including

TARMA TASHI LING TREETAN BUDGHIST MEDITATION SOCIETY 10762 Whyte Ave (437-3688) • Lojong (Mind Training) Tape series meet-ing every Wed (7.30pm)

KEEP OUR FORESTS ALIVE! Mountain Equipment Co-op, 124 St, 102 Ave (432-0967) • Presented by the Boreal Action Team and the Canadian Parks and Wilderness Society • Mon, Apr. 26 (7:15-5pm)

MAYORS FOR PEACE City Hall (413-6159) • Public meeting with Mayor Akiba of Hiroshima, Japan • Apr. 21 (7pm)

**SOUTH PACIFIC** Tory Turtle, Rm 12 (492-3093) • Free lecture presented by Dr. Morris Maduro • Ap 15 (6:30-9pm)

T.A.L.E.S. EDMONTON (433-2932) . Storytelling Invitation: every 2nd Fri (8pm) • The oral tradition of storytelling (be a listener or a storyteller)

THE TREETAN BINDINGST MEDITATION SOCIETY, GADEN SANTEN LING 11403-101 St (479-0014) • Learn about Tibetan Buddhism and meditation with Kushok Dhamchoe of Namgyal Monastery

in India • Every Tues (7-9pm): beginners • Every Wed (7-9pm) and Sun (11am-1pm): advanced

UPWARD BOUND TOASTMASTERS Baker Centre, 10th FI, 10025-106 St (477-2613) • Every Wed (7pm): Weekly meeting about public spans,

VEGETARIANS OF ALBERTA Parkallen Community Hall, 11104-65 Ave (988-2713) • Monthly potluck supper • \$2 (members)/\$3 (non-members) • Sun, Apr. 18 (5:30pm)

VISIT WITH ARTISTS Edmonton Art Gallery Lecture Theatre, 2 Sir Winston Churchill Sq. • Slide presentation by Sheila Luck presented by the Alberta Society of Artists • Thu, Apr. 29 (7pm)

WASKAHEGAN TRAIL ASSOCIATION BO Poon Recycle, 85 St, 85 Ave (456-9046) Free guided hipe, approx. 10 km at Pipestone; Sun, Apr. 18 (10am) • Southgate Mall, SE comer, 111 St, Whitemud Dr (672-2873) Free guided hike, approx 10 km at Stoney Creek; Sun, Apr. 25 (10am)

### QUEER LISTINGS

AXIOS (454-8449) • A support group, local chapter of the international organization of Eastern Orthodox and Eastern Rite Catholic Gay and Lesbian Christians

SEE NEXT PAGE

### **EVENTS WEEKLY**

Continued from previous page

BOOTS AND SADDLES 10242-106 St (423-5014) Large tavern with pool tables, restaurant, shows Members only

BUT: VS NITE CLUB 117258 Jasper Ave (488-6636) Open 9-3 

 Dancing, strip contests, go-go boys
 Every Mon: Free pool. DJs Arrow Chaser, Jeffy Pop,
 Code Red
 No membership needed

**DIGNITY EDMONTON** (482-6845) • Support community for lesbigay Catholics and friends

DOWN UNDER 12224 Jasper Ave (482-7960) •

EDMONTON RAINBOW BUSINESS ASSOCIA-TION (422-6207) • An organization for gay men and lesbians in business and their non-gay friends to share business knowledge, learn, make friends and network in a positive, proud space where being yourself is the norm

GAY MEN'S OUTREACH CREW (GMOC) 45, 9912-106 St (488-0564) • Peer education initiative for gay/bisexual men that works toward preventing the spread of HIV by improving self-esteem

HIV NETWORK OF EDMONTON SOCIETY 105, 10550-102 St (488-5742) • Programs and support services for people affected and infected by HRV/AIDS and related illnesses. Counselling, referrals, support groups, harm reduction, education, advocacy and public awareness campaigns

ICARE 702A, 10242-105 St (448-1768) • www.icarealberta.org • The Interfaith Centre for AIDS/HIV Resources and Education (formerly

Interfaith Association on AIDS) provides spiritual support and connections for those affected by HIV/AIDS

#LLUSIONS SOCIAL CLUB GLCCE, Suite 45, 9912-106 St • Meetings every second Thursday

INSIDE/OUT U of A Campus . Monthly meeting INSIDE\_FOUT U of a campus \* nonmy meetings, for campus-based organization for lestbian, gay, bisexual, transgender and queer (LOBTQ) faculty, graduate student, academic, straight affler and sup-port staff of the U of A to network and socialize in a supportive environment (fall and winter terms). Contact Kris Wells (lowelis@ualberta.ca) or Manporie Wonharm (mwonham@kualberta.ca) for info \* www.ualiberta.ca/-cied/eps/AgapeVerdana.htm

LAMBDA CHRISTIAN COMMUNITY CHURCH Garneau United Church, 11148-84 Ave (474-0753) • Every Sun (7pm): Worship services. Serving the gay, lesbian, bisexual and transgendered community

LIVING POSITIVE www.connect.ab.ca/livepos (488-5768) • Edmonton Persons Living with HIV Society. Peer-facilitated support groups, peer counselling • Daily drop-in

LUTHERANS CONCERNED www.lcna.org (426-0905) • A spiritual community which gathers monthly for sharing, friendship, individual support and a safe space for our own spiritual questions

MAKING WAVES SWIMMING CLUB www.geocities.com/makingwaves\_edm • Recreational and competitive swimming with coaching, beginners encouraged to participate. Socializing after practices • Practices every Mon and Thu

METROPOLITAN COMMUNITY CHURCH OF EDMONTON (429-2321) • Weekly non-denominational church services

PFLAG GLCCE, Suite 45, 9912-106 St (462-5958) •

Meetings every third Tuesday of the month at 7:30pm • Support/education for parents, families and friends of lesbians/gays/bisexuals/transgenders

POLICE LIAISON COMMITTEE (421-2277/1-877-882-2011, ext. 2038) • Edmonton Police Service ar the gay and fesbian community PRIME TIMERS (426-7019) • Meetings every se ond Sunday of the month at 3pm. A social group for gay/bisexual men over 40 and their friends

PRISM BAR AND GRILL 10524-101 St, back entrance (990-0038) • Lesbian and gay bar/restaurant

bar/restaurant

THE ROOST 10345-104 St (426-3150) \* Open
Sun-Thu 8pm-3am, Fri-Sat 8pm-4am \* TUE: Hot
Butt Contest (8pm-midnight) with DJ Janny \*
WED: Anateut strip with Weena Luv, Sticly Vicky,
DJ Alvaro \* THU: Rotating shows: Ladonna's review,
Sticky's open stage and the Weekset Link, game second and last Thursday with DJ Jazzy \* FRI:
Upstains: Euro Biltz: New European music with DJ
Outtawak, DJ Jazzy and male stripper Downstains:
Grenale stripper \* SAT: Every Sat like new years:
Upstains: Monthly theme parties with DJ Jazzy,
new music with DJ Dan and Mike Downstains:
Retro music \* SUN: Betty Ford Hangover Clinic
Show Beer Basty, every long weekend with DJ Jazzy
\* Tue-Thu SJ (member)/54 (non-member); Fin-Sat
\$4 (member)/56 (non-member): Sun \$2

TRANSSEXUAL/TRANSGENDER SUPPORT
GROUP egret@hotmail.com • Meetings every fourth
Tuesday of the month • Information and mutual sup-port for transpendered people in an open, friendly
and safe environment. Open to transsexuals, transvestites, cross-dressers, drag queens/kings

WOODYS 11723 Jasper Ave (488-6557) • Oper Sun-Thu 1-12; Fri Sat 1-3 • Gay nightclub. Every

Sun-Tue (7-12am): karaoke with Tizzy. Every Wed: game show. Every Fri: free pool. Every weekenc open stage, dance with DJ Arrow Chaser • No membership needed

YOUTH UNDERSTANDING YOUTH Gay and Lesbian Community Centre of Edmonton (CLCCE), 45, 9912-106 St (488-3234) • www.yuy-outh-tipod.com/yuy • Every Sat (7-9pm) • A facilitated social/support group for lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgendered, straight and questioning youth under the age of 25

### SPECIAL EVENTS

EDMONTON POP CULTURE FAIR Aviation Heritage Centre, 11410 Kingsway Ave (487-3195) • Pop culture memorabilia, collectibles relating to music, sports, movies, radio, television, comic art • Sun, Apr. 18 (10am-4pm) • \$3 (adult)/free Sun, Apr. 18 (10ar (kids 10 and under)

EDMONTON PUBLIC LIBRARY Parkade under the Stanley A. Milner Library (496-1856) • Spring book sale • Apr. 17 (9am-6pm), Apr. 18 (1-5pm)

LAW DAY Law Courts Building, 1A Sir Winston Churchill Sq (427-5913) \* Talks, tours, displays, and mock trials presented by the Canadian Bar Association and the Edmonton legal community \* Sat, Apr. 17 (10am-4pm) \* Free

MYLES THE HYPO-ALLERGENIC SUPERHERO Horizon Stage, 1001 Calahoo Rd, Spruce Grove (9c2-8995/451-8000) \* A pupper show that teaches lidds about allergies. Created by and straing Bridget Ryan (The Big Beadbatt) and Annie Dugan \* St., Apr. 17 (2pm); free pre-show activities at 1pm \* \$8/\$20 (ramly Mattines Series) \* Tickets available at the Cramity Mattines Series) \* Tickets available at the Series of the Seri

door, by phone at 962-8995, Horizon Stage box office. Ticket Master

office, TicketMaster

Manager St. (20-1757) • Red Engine

Gala-art and fashion show: Westin Hotel, 1013;
101 Sr. Apr. 16 (6pm); \$100 (each) \$500 (table of

By: Checks available at TIX on the Square • Arts

sale/ahow and cocktall party: Westin Hotel,
10135-100 St; musical enterstainment by Craig

Schaefer, Wendy McNeill, Dale Ladouceur and

Masacote, Sat, Apr. 17, \$25 (adv)\$51 (door); scheels

available at TIX on the Square • Roots Café:

Westin Hotel, 1013-101 St; festuring Anna

Sommerville, Karla Anderson, Terry McDade, Pierian

Sommerville, Karla Anderson, Terry McDade, Pierian

Sommerville, Karla Anderson, Terry McDade, Pierian

Spring: Apr. 18 (2.5-pm); \$11 Cadv)\$51 S (door); ticket

available at TIX on the Square

PERCY SCHMEISER VS. MONSANTO BENEFIT Sidetrack Café, 10333-112 St (421-1326) • Featur the Bob Cook Band, The George Bushes, Dale Ladouceur • Wed, Apr. 21 (9pm) • \$10

SMILIN' J'S BLIND DATE II Power Plant, U of A Campus • Sat, Apr. 17 (10pm)

SPIN AROUND THE CLOCK Ice Palace, WEM (430-7953) • Fundraisign Z4-hour stationary blike relay race • Proceeds support the Livia Stoyke Foundation, www.livia.ca • Apr. 23-24

WALK IN MY SHOES Sutton Place ballroom (413-9801) • Auction and entertainment, proceeds to support Pilgrims Hospice's end-of-life care, cafegives support and bereavement programs • Fri, Apr. 23

WORLD PARTNERSHIP WALK KICK-OFF EVENT WEM, Centre Fountain Stage, Phase 1 (707-2071) Event featuring drummers, belly dancers, entertain-ers, disciplays, costumes to raise awareness and to fight global poverty = Sat, Apr. 17 (11 am-3pm)



tree Will astrology

BY ROB BREZSNY



Mar 21 - Apr 18

Due to a confluence of unusual astrological influences, you've been temporarily authorized to act as if you were the love child of comedians Chris Rock and Margaret Cho. Here's some of the behaviour you have a cosmic license to express: (1) expose hypocrisy with uproarious honesty; (2) lay yearself bare as a way of educating and inspiring others; (3) shock people awake with irreverent new spins on traditional subjects; (4) risk being annoying in order to be a servant of the hilarious truth; (5) be edgy and healing, disruptive and inspiring, half-crazy and profoundly real.



Apr 20 - May 20

In my opinion, you're perfect just the way you are. Everything about your life is exactly how it should be. You're right on schedule to fulfill the mission you came to earth to carry out. The paradoxical thing is, though, that you can become even more perfect, and make your life even mass completely what it could be, and expedite your progress in accomplishing the mission you came to earth to carry out. This week is an ideal time to understand how these seemingly contradictory truths can coexist.

### GEMINI

May 21 - June 20

Have you guessed that 2004 is the best year ever to co-ordinate the parts of your life that have always worked at cross-purposes? Do you realize how much power you now have to unify opposites? Please intensify your efforts to strike a dynamic balance between the impulses of your mind and the yearnings of your heart. Raise your expectations as you strive to create a more perfect blend of freedom and commitment. Summon an almost extreme faith in your ability to be both a charismatic star and a co-operative team player.

### CANCER

June 21 - July 22

The editors of the Old Farmer's Almanac have proposed a new generation of superstitions. Never sing in bed, they warn, or wear just one shoe. Avoid putting the wrong key in a lock, and never lay a broom on a bed. The doomsayers of the mainstream media do the same thing as the Old Farmer's Almanac all the time, of course. They drum up an ever-fresh supply of reasons why you should walk around paranoid, although they pretend their scary fantasies are more real than those of the Almanac. My feeling, Cancerian, is that it's a perfect time for you to rebel against every kind of compulsive fear-mongering, whether it originates with the professional perpetrators of mass anxiety or in the depths of your own unconscious. To get started, sing in bed while lying next to a broom and wearing one shoe.



July 23 - Aug 22

According to the New York Daily News, Leo novelist Danielle Steel had a tailor embroider the word "bitch" on 16 pairs of her socks. I suggest you do the same. If

that's too extreme or time-consuming, write "hardcore" on your ankle with a felttip marker. If that would sully your dignity, at least imagine that you have a tattoo on the sole of your foot that says "wiseguy" or "riot grrrl." The point is not to send a tough message to the general public, but to make a secret pact with yourself. No one else but you needs to know that you're planning to become better grounded and more fiercely assertive.

## VIRGO VIRGO

Aug 23 - Supt 22

It's time for a check-in, Virgo. What progress have you been making in your work on this year's big opportunities? As I suggested last December, you'll attract unexpected help in 2004 by growing the parts of your life that are small and timid and immature. Likewise, you'll generate good luck any time you enlarge your sphere of influence and energize your ambitions. Thirdly, you'll feel more and more at home in the world if you aggressively seek out interesting responsibilities that liberate you from your old images of yourself. My sense is that you've been doing okay in all these tasks, but there's room for improvement. The coming weeks are the perfect time to kick your efforts into high gear.



Sept 28 - Oct 22

The moment is ripe to initiate shifts in the way you create your closest relationships. For starters, I suggest you change the words you habitually use to deal with this part of your life. "Relationship," for instance, is a crashingly dull term for something so interesting. Try "hookup" or "two-way" instead. And rather than referring to someone as your "friend" or "partner," call him or her your "accomplice," your "freestyle" or your "lightning." Dead terms like "significant other," "boyfriend," "girlfriend" and "spouse" should be forever banished as well. In their places, try "lushbuddy," "heartbeat" or "jellyroll." Feel free, of course, to dream up your own fresh slang.

## SCORPIO

Het 23 - Sev 21

After you damage a fingernail, it grows faster than when it's in its normal state. Scientists have proved this, though they don't understand why it happens. I have observed that a similar phenomenon often occurs in people who have experienced a psychic wound. They ripen emotionally with amazing speed, blasting through inner obstacles that had kept them enslaved to the past. I predict that you will soon begin responding in this way to your recent hurt.

### SAGITTARIUS Nov 22 - Dec 21

Let's take stock of the progress you've made since lanuary 1. Most strikingly. you've been more disciplined in your quest for freedom and more discriminating about expressing your generosity.

That's very good news. In past years, your drive for freedom has sometimes been chaotic, causing you to overestimate your strength; your generosity has often been excessive, leading you to promise too much. The fact that you're now reining in these two tendencies is a sign that you're finally poised to claim a measure of sovereignty you've never been ready for before.



CAPRICORN Doc 22 - Jan 18

You may find this hard to believe, but it's very important for you to decide what actor or actress you'd choose to play you in the hypothetical movie based on your life. For me, it's obviously Viggo Mortensen, though

if he weren't available I'd probably accept Robin Williams or Snoop Dogg. But then I can afford to indulge in the luxury of indecision about this matter, whereas you really can't. For reasons you can't imagine-reasons that have to do with you taking your life's work more seriously than ever before you must expand and deepen the mythic intensity of your life story.



### Jan 20 - Feb 18

Please try to be a little more boring this week, Aquarius. The swarming melodrama you call your life has become wa-a-a-ayyy too interesting. You've got more superheated plots and subplots going on than a Mexican soap opera. People are spreading such extremely entertaining gossip about you that you may be hard-pressed to live up to your growing reputation. Having said all that, however, I want to emphasize that I'm only asking you to turn down the excitement level one notch, and no more

You just need to shift from outrageous

pandemonium to wild intrigue.

## PISCES

Feb 18 - Mar 20

Scientists believe that objectivity and intellectual curiosity are the two attitudes most crucial to understanding how the world works. The 19th-century Scottish essayist, Thomas Carlyle, had a different emphasis. "A loving heart is the beginning of all knowledge," he wrote. Kabbalistic teacher Ann Davies agreed, saying that in order to truly see a person, you have to connect with their inner essence through loving empathy. Regardless of which style of learning you're naturally inclined to, Pisces, I suggest you use both aggressively in the coming weeks. You have an unprecedented opportunity to grow both smarter and wiser. The best way to take advantage is to be inquisitive, unbiased and profoundly compassionate. @

### 'antiques/collectibles

Edmonton's 1st major POP CULTURE FAIR. Sun, Apr. 18, 10am-4pm. Aviatron Her. Centre, 11410 Kingsway Ave. 53, free kids 10 and under. \$1000's of music, sports, movie, TV, auto, brand name col-scribles for sale. Records, toys, comics, sportscards 100s free movie promos. Ph fred 487-3195

### architecture/decor

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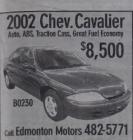
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Chrysalis

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### models wanted

tennessey Salon + Spa is launching our Spring ollection for 2004. We need beaufful fashion-ble and open-minded male and female models or a hair show in April. Preferred age is between and be willing to have a progressive cut and colour. Stage experience is an asset but not equired. Model call is at 6:30pm on Apr. 19 at tennessey Salon in Southgate Centre, Models will not be paid.

### pets for sale

WORLD CLASS English Springer Spaniels, FTCH lines, health & disposition guar. Reg'd. House reared, 1st shots, wormed, \$550/ea. Ph 929-2953.

### psychics

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"PSYCHIC SABRINA" 930-1738 (LOCAL) Palm, Tarot, Crystal Ball, Readings help in all problems of life. 30 yrs, experience. Open 9am 9pm.

### real estate

### shared accommodation

D-T & GMCC - 10340-121 St. Upscale home, unfurn. 1 bdrm. & loft avail. immed. \$380-430 mth. + util. 483-7735.

### workshops

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Call for submissions: 1-year Artist in Residence at Harcourt House Arts Centre. Deadline May 31 Info: 426-4180. harcourt@telusplanet.net

Literary Contest (In Spanish)
The Chilean-Canadian Community of Edmontor fifth literary contest. Open to anybody who writes in Spanish and resides in Canada.
Deadline: May 25. Info: Ph 469-3409.

Drop-in SCREENWRITERS circle. First Tue of ea. month at 7pm. Call 429-1671 or visit FAVA.ca

Win two photography workshops and a chance at \$1000. The Works Art & Design Festival is tak ing appl. for "Snapshots Fligh School "The Works Competition" way theworks ab ca

45

Calling all artists! The Edmonton Art Gallery/Walter Phillips Gallery calling for ubmissions for the 2005 Alberta Biennial of Contemporary Art. Info: Ph 422-6223.

ANNUAL SPIRITUAL POETRY CONTEST Theme Writing Toward The Light. Adult/Youth. Deadline Apr. 26, Ph (403) 210-2802 http://www.spiritualdirections.com

Call for submissions-Stanley A. Milner Library invites emerging artists to submit proposals to show artwork in our two gallery spaces. Ph 496-7080. Deadline: May 3

10th Annual Seven Hills Literary Contest: unpulished works; Children's Literature-deadline June 30. Young Adults [Teens] fiction: judged i adult categories); Memoirs-deadline July 31; Short Story-deadline August 31. Info: Iallahass Writers Association www.twaonline.org

### musicians wanted

Vocalist/keyboard player looking for blues band/blues musicians to form band. 478-6355/oreo\_spud@hotmail.com

Band looking for guitar player rock/alt. Must be committed/experienced 18-22. Ph 441-1019 www.thecasanovaplayboys.com

"One Voice" seeks female singers for a Monday ng choir and concert for Alberta 420-6707 tim@musicale.ca

Pro Coro Canada is holding auditions for profesional-level singers for its 2004-2005 Concert Season on April 16-18.

Musicale seeks F. vocalists for perf., career training, development & management proj. 420-670 tim@musicale.ca mailto:enquiries@musicale.ca

Seeking keyboard/arranger to contribute as music director. Paying gigs. tim@musicale.ca 420-6707

Musicians needed for jingles and other studios

Golden Gate Gospel, coffee house. Every Sat, 7pm. Golden Harvest Church of Pentecost, 10504-128 St, Comer of Stony Plain Rd. 447-4357.

### volunteers

Madeleine Sanam Foundation looking for volunteers: project developers, newsletter coordinator fundraising coordinator for local/international projects. Send resumé to Chantal ldc\_prod@telusplanet.net

9th Annual Communty Volunteer Income Tax Program in March for low income individuals Free at the U of A

Online support ~ Abused Women share poetry, stories. Confidential. Free http://groupsyahoo.com/groups/ItAilStartsWithaWhisper

Be inspired, Celebrate survival. Canadian Cancer Society is seeking volunteers for Relay for Life, Contact 455-7181 or register at www.cancer.ab.ca

Volunteers needed for the 17th Annual River Valley Clean-Up. Sun, May 2, 10am-2pm. Ph

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alt sex column

### BY ANDREA NEMERSON

### Just say maybe

### Dear Andrea:

I always express my fantasies to my boyfriend, and I encourage him to do the same. However, one fantasy he has is a sadomasochistic role-play where he degrades and whips me, which makes me uncomfortable. I love him and he's always willing to try different things and I feel it's selfish of me not to do what he wants but I'm afraid if we make this fantasy a reality, it may harm our relationship emotionally.

Love, Hesitant

### Dear Hesi:

A worthwhile fear, that, just because SM fantasies can be (and usually are) acted out without an iota of harm to either party doesn't mean you can't get hurt. I think you're more concerned about the degradation than about the whipping, and I think that's wise. Would you consider something on the order of spanking and light submission for starters? It's like taking your greataunt out for her very first sushi: you start off with a nice California roll; you don't jump straight to the quivering yellow blob of uni.

Before doing anything, you guys might want to read a book (Greenery Press has good stuff) to get a handle on what it is people actually do in SM scenes, which is shockingly differess from what people think people do in SM scenes. Then maybe an instructional video, and then, because too much educational material can turn any hot fantasy into homework, rent something sizzling. (The Art of Bondage series and the works of art-porn auteur Maria Beatty can be neither topped nor beaten.) After all this study, you two will either be charged up and raring to go or bored to near-vegetative inertia. Either state provides useful data.

On the other hand, you should feel fully enfranchised to turn to him at any point and say, "You know what, hosey? About the beating and degradation stuff? I just don't think so." If you don't want to do something, saying "uh-uh" isn't selfishness; it's self-

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Love, Andrea

INDEX

### The virgin sprung

### Dear Andrea:

I have two questions. When I was 17, my boyfriend acted out whatever fantasy I wanted. He would handcuff me, tie me up, blindfold me, etc. I'd ask him to pretend he was raping me. And he was good at it too. He could hold both my hands at the wrist while slapping me across the face, and I enjoyed every second of it. He was okay with this at first. But then I wanted him to strangle me during sex. Reluctantly, he did it. Not being able to moan, scream or breathe was such a turn-on. He thought I had a problem and said I should see someone. Do you think I have a problem?

Anyway, I'm 19 now and I'm dating this guy. He's 26 and still a virgin. I get the feeling he'll want to have sex with me soon. But I've never had sex with a virgin and I don't want to freak him out with my strange desires. Second question: what do I do if he wants me to be his first?

Love, Toppy Bottom

### Dear Bottom:

Do it, I guess. It's either that or hand him off to someone else to devirginate him. and if you like him for yourself, what would you want to go doing that for?

On the other hand, brace yourself for a non-mind-blowing experience. There are people who get off on being the wise, worldly teacher or the despoiler of innocent youth or whatever, but you are not one of them. Absent the Mrs. Robinson fantasy, sex with a 26-year-old virgin is likely to be on the tepid side. Good sex takes practice, as you know, and while you were something of a quick study, he's going to have to go to summer school. Plus, you are a young woman with certain very specific needs, and you've got to figure that Mr. Late Starter probably won't suddenly reveal himself as the savage-beastly type who will ravage you on demand. I see you lying there dictating, "Okay, now call me a bitch. Great, now slap me. No, a little harder.... All right, rape time now! No, hold both wrists... Okay, good," and I yawn for you.

As to your first and more important question, do you have a problem? No, although some people will have a problem with you. With the exception of the choking, which always worries me, your kinks are both common and harmless, as are the matching kinks on the other side. (Damsel in Distress, meet Cruel Villain. Villain, Damsel.) Now that you're over 18 you can join your local SM organization and have at it. Unlike some random boyfriend, they will not find you shocking. You'll have a lot more luck there than at your local 26-year-old virgins' society. (Insert obligatory chess club joke here.)

Love, Andrea 0

Andrea Nemerson writes and teaches in San Francisco. You can e-mail her a question at andrea@altsexcolumn.com

### volunteers

The Livia Stoyke Foundation looking for relay earns to cycle on stationary bikes for 24 hrs. Apr 23-24, WEM. Ph 430-7953.

Home Care clients without family support, depend on volunteers to get to medical appointments. If you drive, want a flexible vol. position helping seniors, ph 496-1300.

Are you experiencing difficulty in your life? We all face crises at one time or another during our lifetime. You are not alone. The Distress Line is open 24 hours a day, every day. If you need to talk, we're here to listen. Call The Support Network 482-4357.

Cerebral Palsy Association: Sat, May 15; show your support by taking part in the CP 100 Bike-a-thon. 1-800363-2807 or www.cpalberta.com

Night of Artists req. volunteers for the Redengine Gala Apr. 16-18. Pls call Laura 479-5649.

Night of Artists req. volunteers for light manual labour. Display set-up. Apr. 16, 18. Pls call Laura 479-5649.

Be inspired. Celebrate survival. Canadian Cancer Society is seeking volunteers for Relay for Life. Contact 455-7181 or register at

FOOD NOT BOMBS NEED VOLUNTEERS TO HELP FEED THE HUNGRY. Help out any Sat, 10am, Boyle St Co-op, 10116-105 Ave. Food serving 1pm.

Harcourt House Arts Centre seek volunteers for committee work, openings, board members, gallery sitting, exhibition installation, mail-outs
Ph 426-4180, e-m: harcourt@telusplanet.net



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THREE LINES

st winners must be at least 18 vo

Change for Children needs volunteers to take on short and longer term projects around our office. Please call 448-1505 for info.

OUTCOING and enjoy working with people? Like learning about science and educating others? Dynamic hosting and educational voluntee positions available @ **Odyssium** (tm) Contact Violet 452-9100.

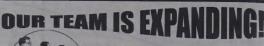
Volunteer with your dog! Dogs should be at least 1yr old and obedience trained. The Chimo Project needs volunteers for animal-assisted therapy. 452-2451.

Do you drive? Do you like to help Others? Ph 732-1221 for more info on our voluntee driving program. Gas monies re-imbursed.

### volunteers

CALLING ALL VOLUNTEERS, WE NEED YOU

Centre is a non-profit resource for immigrants and refugees who are new to Canada. We need talented people who can promote New Home to the community, contribute to our fundraising efforts and help with our upcoming auction on May 1st. en or more information on these or other opportunities please contact Barbara Nichols at (76b) 425-7865, e-m: barbara control procedure, or so in the control of the control of





If YOU have: · strong personal skills

- · experience or education in marketing or sales ·
  - · a desire to be the best at what you do · · a vehicle ·

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### adult

GAY MALE SEX! Chat live or meet local gay men. Try us for free! (780) 4f3-7144. Enter code 2310

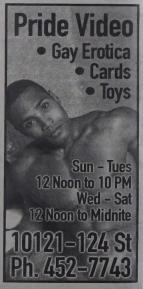
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Call Jamie for more info.
1-800-474-8401

Place your Classified ad in Vue Weekly. Phone 426-1996 for more info.





# CLASSIFIEDS

# Phone 426-1996 from 9am-5pm Monday to Friday

Email: office@vue.ab.ca

Office:10303-108 St. Edmonton

Deadline: Tuesday at Noon
 Print your copy legibly on lines provided at right.
 Up to 45 characters per line.

•Every letter, space or mark counts as 1 character.
•Allow one space following punctuation.

SECTION (FROM INDEX): HEADLINE MAX 20 CHARSE

### EXTRAS

# FORM OF PAYMENT

DO. Date

Postal Code

TOTAL

46



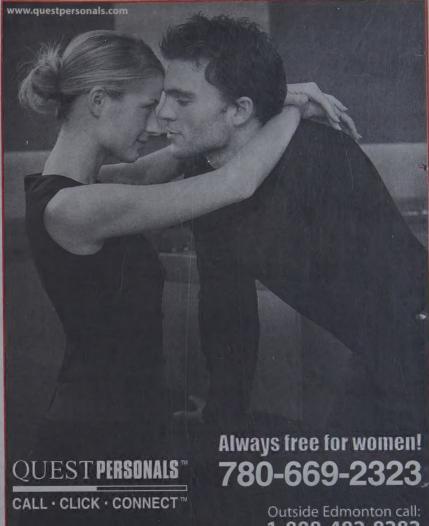


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